

The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—James Russell Lowell.

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LANDOR.

BY ALFRED NOYES.

AT last the great gap in our libraries is to be closed, and the most strangely neglected of all the masters of our literature is to take his rightful place. It is well over half a century now since Swinburne wrote the most beautiful of all his tributes to Walter Savage Landor in Florence:

"Back to the flower-town,
side by side,
The sweet months
bring,
New-born, the bridegroom
and the bride,
Freedom and Spring.

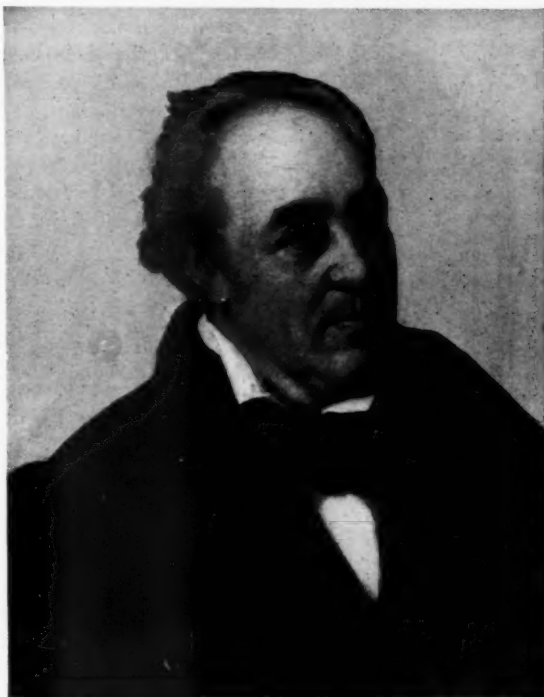
"I came as one whose
thoughts half linger,
Half run before,
The youngest to the oldest
singer
That England bore.

"I found him whom I shall
not find
Till all grief end,
In holiest age, our mightiest
mind,
Father and friend."

And during that half-century it almost seemed that—for some unknown reason—the lovers of our literature were to be denied access even to the works of that mind in any really adequate form. The best critical judgment has always accorded a very high place to Landor, but the reading public has had little opportunity to follow. There seems to be no cause for the far more widely spread appreciation of a writer like Walter Pater, and the comparative neglect of the far greater and far more interesting Walter Savage Landor, unless we find it in the mere technique of book production. Pater has a charm of his own, but his work is never of the highest order. It is often affected, often unnecessarily involved and obscure, and often marred by that preciosity which, as one of the best French critics said, "is always a kind of burlesque." Landor on the other hand, even in his loftiest flights, is always simple and lucid as a Greek temple. His fountains are of the clear water of Helicon, and Nature herself always whispers through the rose-laurels of his garden. On the title page of all his works there might well be inscribed his own beautiful line:

"We are what suns and winds and waters make us."

It is amazing that his poetry has been so neglected by a generation that prides itself on its often unsuccessful attempts to achieve what he achieved so perfectly again and again.



Walter Savage Landor.

From portrait by W. Fisher, in the N.P.G.

"Stand closer round, ye
Stygian set,
With Dirce in one boat
conveyed,
Or Charon, seeing, may
forget
That he is old and she a
shade."

It is perhaps irreverent to suggest that this neglect on the part of the latest generation may be due to its imperfect acquaintance with its great predecessors. If there be any truth in a suggestion so daring it is not altogether the fault of that generation, for the works of Landor have not been properly placed before it, and the youngest generation—with all its brave talk of "discovery"—has little time to discover anything but what is placed by a hidden hand immediately under its nose. The whole reading world therefore is under a great debt to the publishers and editor

of this, the first complete collection of Landor's work.

The first volumes* contain the "Imaginary Conversations." Landor's own note to the reader answers the obvious objections to this kind of composition: Avoid "a mistake in attributing to the writer any opinions in this book but what are spoken under his own name." Yet this hardly covers the more serious departures from historical fact. The whole question of the dramatisation of history is difficult. Shakespeare set a precedent which can hardly justify the historian or biographer, for instance, who uses a similar method to make his pages interesting. Moreover Landor's warning to the reader is not quite accurate. Much of the interest of his "Imaginary Conversations" is due to the fact that he is, over and over again, using his characters as mouthpieces for his own opinions. But when all these qualifications have been made, the

* "Complete Works of Walter Savage Landor." Edited by T. Earle Welby. Vols. 1-4. 30s. each. (Chapman & Hall.)

"Imaginary Conversations" must remain as one of the great masterpieces of English prose. In these four volumes one of the most delicious sections is that of "Epicurus, Leontion and Ternissa." It was Landor's own favourite, and certainly it reveals his own personality, on one side, very clearly. The description of the garden of Epicurus—or rather his plan for it—has all the freshness of the spring in it, and it is packed with wise thoughts on art, literature and life as the cells of the honeycomb are packed with honey:

"Abstinence from low pleasures is the only means of meriting or obtaining the higher."

"Kindness in ourselves is the honey that blunts the sting of unkindness in another."

"Praises are not always the unfailing signs of liberality or of justice. Many are extolled out of enmity to others, and perhaps would have been decried if those others had not existed."

There is no writer in English who so steadfastly exalts the kingdom of the mind over every other kingdom. He makes Lucian say of Alexander of Macedon (and it is Landor, despite his forewarning to the reader, that speaks through the mouthpiece):

"What region of the earth, what city, what theatre, what library, what private study hath he enlightened? It is neither my philosophy nor your religion which casts the blood and bones of men in their faces and insists on the most reverence for those who have made the most unhappy. . . . Shame upon historians and pedagogues for exciting the worst passions of youth by the display of such false glories. If your religion hath any truth or influence her professors will extinguish the promontory lights which only allure to breakers. They will be assiduous in teaching the young and ardent that great abilities do not constitute great men without the right and unremitting application of them; and that, in the sight of Humanity and Wisdom, it is better to erect one cottage than to demolish a hundred cities. We have been told to do this thing and that; we have been told that we shall be punished unless we do; but at the same time we are shown by the finger that prosperity and glory and the esteem of all about us, rest upon other and very different foundations."

That is the answer of a man, who was by no means "meek" in the feeble sense, to all the modern rant about "glittering prizes," and if Landor has been depicted as an enemy to Christianity, the dialogue between Lucian and Timotheus indicates that his attitude might have been very different if the professors of that religion had been faithful to their own creed.

In many ways the two brief conversations of Dante are the most exquisite and original in these volumes. In these too the method of the "Imaginary Conversations" more than justifies itself, for whatever the cold historical facts may be, the reader cannot help feeling that the Dante portrayed here is more human, more true to life, than the Dante of the mere scholars, or indeed than any representation of him outside his own in the "Purgatorio" and "Paradiso." Beatrice smiles at him for "pursuing the impossible," and Dante replies: "Was it this you laughed at? We cannot touch the hem of God's garment; yet we fall at his feet and weep." And Beatrice replies again: "Is laughter at all times the signal of derision? I smiled, let me avow it, from the pride I felt in your preference of me; and if I laughed it was to conceal my sentiments. Did you never cover sweet fruit with worthless leaves?"

The Dante of her playful talk, too, after his tumble from the garden wall, is a very different person from the grim figure of the sculptors:

"Nobody suspected that I went every day to the bottom of our garden to hear you repeat your poetry on the other side; nobody but yourself. You soon found me out; but on that occasion I thought you might have been hurt, and I clambered up our high peach tree in the grass-plot nearest the place, and thence I saw Messer Dante with his white sleeve reddened by the fig-juice and the seeds sticking to it pertinaciously, and Messer blushing and trying to conceal his calamity, and still holding the verses. They were all about me."

Those last five words are as moving in their human simplicity as anything in the "Paradiso," when they are read with the knowledge of that "Paradiso" in the background of one's mind.

Perhaps the neglect of Landor is partly due to the very fact that a certain measure of this knowledge in the background is necessary to the full realisation of the profound pathos and beauty in many passages of the conversations, as when Dante, thinking that he was likely to die first, hopes that he may fulfil the part which was really to be played by Beatrice. "I will watch over you. I will pray for you when I am nearer to God, and purified from the stains of earth and mortality. He will permit me to behold you, lovely as when I left you. Angels in vain should call me onward." And she replies: "Hush, sweetest Dante, hush."

At the end of this dialogue there is one of the noblest passages in English prose. The misunderstanding of the true nature of originality—which is never mere novelty, but always development and growth, and always rooted in the permanent ground of reality—has misled all the shallower minds of every generation. It is commonly suggested by all the intellectually incompetent that, in order to be original, everything that was ever believed to be true in the past must be contradicted or inverted, and that only commonplace minds to-day can develop their new thoughts out of any permanent roots in the past, or can believe that goodness, truth and beauty have any abiding values. The difference between the true and the false, the deep and the shallow culture is indicated just here. The shallow culture of the immature mind that has recently read a little book is always marked by a tendency to despise even what is good in the past. The true culture is always marked by a growing reverence even for its failures, where they are the failures of a sincere effort. The mealy-mouthed half-wits who snigger at the art and poetry that maintain this reverence at the present day, would do well to read what Landor has to say on the matter, speaking through the lips of Beatrice to Dante: "You will be great and, what is above all greatness, good." They would do well to read even a little further (one cannot expect them to read very much), and to "discover" what that fierce old sage had to say on this matter, speaking through the grimmer lips of Dante himself in that glorious reply:

"Greatness is to goodness what gravel is to porphyry. The one is a movable accumulation, swept along the surface of the earth. The other stands fixed and solid and alone, above the violence of war and of the tempest; above all that is residuous of a wasted world. The snow colossus soon melts. *The good stand under the eye of God; and therefore stand.*"

There is a Shakespearean majesty about that last sentence, and it is in such passages, not in any artificial novelties of green roses or blue grass, that we find the justification of a great poet's description of Landor:

"In holiest age our mightiest mind,
Father and friend."

This new edition will establish him in our libraries and should lead to a fuller appreciation of his work

throughout the English-speaking world. The editor, Mr. T. Earle Welby, has done his part in a way that places all the lovers of our literature under an immense debt to him. No praise can be too high for the care which has been exercised in making these volumes worthy of their author, and Mr. Welby's preface makes us look forward with eagerness to the final volume, in which he promises us a further exposition of his great subject.

"HERE COMES AN OLD SAILOR."*

BY SIR PHILIP GIBBS.

SINCE Maurice Hewlett wrote "Richard Yea and Nay" (which still stands, I think, as the most vivid and flaming picture of mediæval France), I have read no historical novel so startling, so extraordinary and so distinguished as "Here Comes an Old Sailor," by Alfred Tresidder Sheppard.

Mr. Sheppard has won a great reputation long ago as an historical novelist. It is many years now since I read his "Running Horse Inn" with immense pleasure and admiration, aware that here was a man who did not write the usual cheap and swaggering stuff of historical romance, but who had studied his period as a scholar and was loyal to its character and detail. His "Brave Earth," preceding this latest novel, has the same distinction which puts him high above the ranks of the penny-plain-and-twopence-coloured school of romantic fiction. Now with "Here Comes an Old Sailor" he has revealed himself at his best and greatest, and this book in my opinion is a very big thing indeed.

For he reveals England in what to most of us is a dark and unknown period, that twelfth and early thirteenth century which covered the reigns of Henry II, Richard, John and the boyhood of the third Henry. He reveals it not as the modern mind looks back upon a few outstanding facts written in the chronicles, but as men and women then looked out on life, often with terror because of its cruelties and darkness, with mingled brutality and mysticism, their piety mixed up with frightful superstitions and black magic, their courage weakened by strange fears, their love at the mercy of lust, their peaceful, labouring and laughter-loving lives interrupted often by murderous adventure

* "Here Comes an Old Sailor." By Alfred Tresidder Sheppard. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

and sudden death. Always they were haunted by that spectre of Death, ready to take them from homestead and hearth-side, by disease, hunger, foreign invasion,

king's tyranny, neighbours' villainy or God's wrath because of their own frailty. English merchant ships sailing out from the Cinque ports were attacked by French pirates or ships of war. In May of 1217 the Dauphin Louis of France landed at Stonor, burnt Sandwich, ravaged Kent, marched on London, and other things of the kind happened before and after. There were wars with France, quarrels with the Pope, strife in the minds of men between God and Devil, agonies and despairs in simple souls, and yet laughter also, and the coarse pleasures of life in alehouse and tavern, and witch goadings, and the whipping of strumpets, and Jew baitings, and chaffering in market-places, and young monks copying Latin texts with painted letters, and old monks drowsy in their stalls, and youth and

maidenhood mating, and the tragedy of love.

All this is told by Mr. Sheppard with uncanny knowledge and understanding and power. His imagination and his scholarship, and the spirit of him that has lived back into these old times, rooted somehow in the soil of the Kentish coast, wandering in its sea mists, hearing old voices calling, has made him get into the very skins of these English folk, into their simple, ignorant, valiant minds. One feels that. They are not mere types or masqueraders dressed up by a modern pageant master. They are flesh and blood, with the coarse fibre of life, and passionate. Tom Mariner, mayor of Fordwich, afraid of Death (foretold by gypsy cards), yet a great seaman and very brave in a sea fight with French or pirates, is a living and real character before we have done with him, when old Death gets



Photo by G. F. Harris.

Mr. Alfred Tresidder Sheppard.

him at last. His mother betrayed his father with a Frenchman who tempted her by magic tricks and lustful eyes, and in a dreadful scene his father kills her lover and is haunted by ghostly fears until his own time comes. It is a shadow over the mind of Tom Mariner in boyhood. He grows rich by service to a Jew whom he saves from a rabble, hunting this Hebrew for Christ's sake, as they think, and he gets poor after building up a fortune by land and sea because of another Jew who cheats him. This Mariner is a sturdy heretic in some ways, and takes the side of King John against the Pope, and pulls the nose of his parish priest, but he has the spirit of Christ in him, apart from temptations of the devil, and is pitiful to weak women, and offends his neighbours by this charity to sinners and outcasts. And he is a great and chaste lover to a girl named Peronelle, the daughter of the man who made wicked love to his mother. She is a French girl, changeable as weather, with no great virtue, free with her kisses, part tiger-cat, part dove, and a pretty witch. He saves her from misery and death, and though he hates Love (being afraid of it) almost as much as Death, gets to love this one, marries her at last, and then finds her sweethearting with a younger man, and forgives them both before his last fight at sea.

This narrative of Mariner's life grips hold of one, and this love story, all told by a young monk, is full of human drama. But the magic of the book is its crowded pictures of English life in seaports and cities, and the character of the people, their ways of thinking and living and praying and dying, which comes right through, as though one saw them by some television. Among many fine passages there is a memorable

description of England under the Interdict of Pope Innocent because of King John's refusal of obedience.

"In those long and terrible years it was as if some secret poison were at work, spreading slowly, stealthily, until the infection of it was in the whole body. No more pilgrims came singing their glad songs along Kentish lanes. . . . Canterbury streets were thronged no more with neighing palfreys, chargers, hackneys and pack-horses, or with joyous, weary folk on foot, flinging their great round cloaks and their sheepskins aside when they came with a shout to the inn doors. Ships no longer disembarked these at Fordwich quays. A great silence fell where there had been briskness and mirth. Booths were dismantled for lack of custom and grass sprang where they had stood. The poor had no almonies, the rich no trade. . . . Babies were baptized hastily and in secret so that folk wondered about their fate, and if it were well enough done. . . . Confession was refused; men walked about with their sins unassailed. There was no communion; no public masses were said; the dead were flung into unconsecrated earth; though the dying had still viaticum for their long journey, its ancient certainty seemed gone; lovers married lovers among the graves."

I have one quarrel in this book with Mr. Sheppard. He is too hard, I am sure, on the life and character of those monks and parish priests of thirteenth century England. Despite the frailties of human nature and the time, the coarseness and animalism of that early England, there must have been many clergy who lived good and clean lives, and who, in the quietude of their monasteries, kept the lamps of learning alight with a very sweet and simple faith, and with wonderful courage of self-denial. Mr. Sheppard makes most of them snivelling sensualists and cowards. But that is the only blot in my mind on a book that is very rich in historical imagination.

MRS. TROLLOPE AND AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER FROM CHARLES DICKENS.

BY MARY BRADFORD WHITING.

THE attention that has been attracted to Mrs. Trollope by the republication of her "Domestic Manners of the Americans," gives added interest to a



Dickens in 1837.

From a sketch by Samuel Lawrence.

hitherto unpublished letter from Dickens, included in a private collection of autographs.* The year is omitted in dating, but the internal evidence shows that it was written in 1839, or 1840, since there is a mention of "Nicholas Nickleby" (published in numbers between April, 1838, and October, 1839), and in March, 1840, Dickens left Doughty Street for Devonshire Terrace.

* Printed by kind permission of Sir H. F. Dickens, K.C.

The letter is as follows:

"48, Doughty St.

"Saty Morning, Feb. 9th.

"My dear Blanchard,

"Let me thank you with great sincerity for the trouble and interest you have taken in the Factory matter and also for the perusal of Mr. Colburn's letter to you, which I return herewith. That gentleman is quite right in supposing that Barnaby Rudge has nothing to do with factories or negroes—white, black, or parti-coloured. It is a tale of the riots of Eighty, before factories flourished as they did thirty years afterwards, and containing—or intended to contain—no allusion to cotton lords, cotton slaves, or anything that is cotton.

"The advertisement is quite a matter of taste; as there is a lady in the case I suppose it is in the very best taste possible. Whether or no, I care so little about it that I have rejected urgings and promptings from a hundred quarters to write to Mr. Colburn about it and have left him in the peaceable enjoyment of his own course. If Mrs. Trollope were even to adopt *Ticholas Tickleby* as being a better-sounding name than *Michael Armstrong*, I don't think it would cost me a wink of sleep, or impair my appetite in the smallest degree.

"Believe me always,

"Faithfully yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS.

"Laman Blanchard, Esq."

Mrs. Trollope's novels have little interest for present-day readers, but "Michael Armstrong" was not only a novel with a purpose, it was a novel that did not fail in its purpose. It dealt with the abuses of the then existent factory conditions and she evidently wished to be assured that Dickens's forthcoming book did not touch upon the same theme. "Barnaby Rudge" was published in 1841, and with "The Old Curiosity Shop" appeared under the general title of "Master Humphrey's Clock"; that Dickens did not consider that there was any copyright in the names of fictitious characters is shown by the fact that Mrs. Trollope had published a novel with the title of "The Widow Barnaby" in 1838, followed by "The Widow Barnaby Married" in 1840.

It would be interesting to know what title it was that had been suggested by Mrs. Trollope, or her publisher Colburn. Blanchard evidently considered that it was too reminiscent of some title used by Dickens and that it might lead to confusion, but looking back to 1840 from the far distance of more than eighty years, we can see that Dickens was fully justified in his confidence that Mrs. Trollope, celebrated as she was in her day, could not affect his fame. That he had no lasting quarrel with her is shown by one of the letters in the collection published by his sister-in-law and daughter.

"1, Devonshire Terrace,
"York Gate, Regent's Park.
"Dec. 16, 1842.

"My dear Mrs. Trollope,

"Let me thank you most cordially for your kind note, in reference to my *Notes*, which has given me true pleasure and gratification. As I never scrupled to say in America so I can have no delicacy in saying to you, that allowing for the change you worked in many social features of American society, and for the time that has passed since you wrote of the country, I am convinced that there is no writer who has so well and so accurately (I need not add so entertainingly) described it, in many of its aspects as you have done, and this renders your praise more valuable to me. I do not recollect ever to have heard or seen the charge of exaggeration made against a feeble performance, though, in its feebleness, it may have been most untrue. It seems to me essentially natural, and quite inevitable, that common observers should accuse an uncommon one of this fault, and I have no doubt that you were long ago of that opinion, very much to your own comfort.

"Faithfully yours,
"CHARLES DICKENS."

It was in 1832 that "Domestic Manners of the Americans" made its appearance, and it was not

until six years afterwards that Mrs. Trollope became acquainted with Dickens, for, in a letter dated 1838, she says—in describing a reception that she had attended—"We met Boz, who desired to be presented to me. I had a good deal of talk with him. He is extremely lively and intelligent, has the appearance of being very young, and though called excessively shy, seemed not at all averse from conversation."



Mrs. Trollope.

From a miniature in oils by A. Hervieu.

That there was a great deal more in Dickens than mere liveliness, Mrs. Trollope was not slow to discover, and her son, Thomas Adolphus, in his "What I Remember," pays him a fine tribute: "He was perhaps the largest-hearted man I ever knew. I think he made a nearer approach to obeying the divine precept, 'Love thy neighbour as thyself,' than one man in a hundred thousand. His benevolence, his active, energising desire, for good to all God's creatures, and restless anxiety to be in some active way for the achieving of it, were unceasing and busy in his heart ever and always."

The contemporary review of "Michael Armstrong" quoted by Mr. Sadleir in his recent book on Frances and Anthony Trollope, has a special interest in view of the mention of the novel in the unpublished letter from

Dickens: "It is great mistake and a still greater injustice to suppose that Mrs. Trollope offers 'Michael Armstrong' as anything like a pendant to the admirable works by Mr. Dickens. The leading characteristic of those works is humour. But 'Michael Armstrong' has a deeper design. It is evidently intended to be a deep moral satire, having a serious and even a solemn purpose to accomplish, with truth alone as the means of its accomplishment and good alone as the ultimate end."

But though Mrs. Trollope's purpose was excellent, the time was speedily to come when, in spite of the humour of his works, Dickens soared far above her as the champion of the oppressed, and while her efforts are almost forgotten, his are made immortal by the splendour of his genius. That she was thoroughly conscientious in her attempt to aid the factory workers is shown by her son. He says:

"My mother neglected no means of making the facts stated in her book authentic and accurate, and the *mise en scène* of her story graphic and truthful. Of course I was the companion of her journey and was more or less useful to her in searching for and collecting facts in some places where it would have been difficult for her to look for them. We carried with us a number of introductions from Lord Shaftesbury to a rather strange assortment of persons,

whom his lordship had found useful both as collectors of trustworthy information and energetic agitators in favour of legislation.

They witnessed, he says, " horrors of uncivilised savagery and hopeless, abject misery. It was impossible for any who saw these sights not to bless Lord Shaftesbury's memory. He gave us introductions to men who had been factory workers themselves and who had, by various circumstances, raised themselves from the slough of despond and devoted themselves to trying to help their less fortunate fellows."

Their hope, but not their expectation, was to see a ten hours Bill brought in, and it is interesting to notice that Lord Palmerston, though often fretted by the inconvenient zeal of his stepson-in-law, yet admitted to Lord Ashley (as Lord Shaftesbury then was) that he " must own " that a twelve hours day was too long for child workers in factories and mines !

To read " Michael Armstrong " to-day is to wonder if it can be true that such things ever happened in a so-called Christian country ; but though Mrs. Trollope was vehemently attacked for publishing the facts, the facts themselves were never denied. Sir Matthew Dowling, the wealthy millowner, is asked by a lady to befriend a little boy who has chased away a cow that had terrified her : he asks the overlooker of the mill if he knows the child and receives the reply : " I know him well enough, of course, for he's going on for eight or nine and he comed to the factory just about five." The mother is bed-ridden, he adds, and has an idea that because the elder boy is " cripply " he is not to work, but that is only a trick, the child's fingers are nimble enough, and as his legs are like " crooked drumsticks " he can only expect the lowest rate of wages and is therefore very profitable from the employers' point of view.

Nor is it only the overlooker who exhibits a brutal callousness : the doctor, on being appealed to by the mother, says that the complaints about children being overworked " proceed from a regular conspiracy among the worst of the parents. It is nothing but sheer wilful laziness makes those obstinate little brutes at the factory pretend to totter and stumble and faint and the devil knows what."

She gives a terrible picture of the conditions in the mill—heat, noise, filth and foul smells, in the midst of which labour lean and haggard children, with sunken cheeks and distorted limbs, while overlookers pass up and down, strap in hand, to keep them at their work. The little " scavengers " had the worst time of it, for it was their duty to collect the flying fragments of cotton that might impede the looms, and from time to time they were compelled to stretch themselves on the ground while the hissing machines passed over them.

The scenes in the Prison Prentice House, terrible as they are, were never disputed. The children are fed on water porridge and sour oatcake and those who can slip out unnoticed snatch bones and peelings from the filthy trough in the yard while the pigs bite at their legs. They sleep fifty in a room and are given no means of washing ; an epidemic breaks out and the owner gives the overseer £10 for having contrived to get fifteen children buried secretly at night. The man's wife dies and he suggests to the owner that she shall be buried by day so that if the number of fatal cases leaks out they may silence any accusation of neglect by showing that she has died as well as the children. The owner agrees and offers to have the mill stopped so that all may follow, but the overseer says that it would be no use as they would be quite incapable of walking and it would only make more talk if their weak state was seen.

" She will not be hungry in heaven," says one of the children when her little friend dies, " nor will she work till she is ready to fall, and surely God will give us green fields and sweet, fresh air in heaven, and there must be flowers ! " The position of the helpless workers is thus powerfully summed up :

" If their lingering hours of labour be prolonged beyond the stipulated time for which they are paid, they cannot turn and say, ' I will not, for it is not in the bond,' for the ready answer is, ' Go ; we employ none who make conditions with us.' And to whom are they to go ? To the Parish officers ? As ready an answer meets them there : ' Go ; we relieve none who can get work and refuse it.' If they are fined, however unjustly, however arbitrarily, if the iniquitous truck system be resorted to for the payment of wages, instead of money, if their women be insulted or their children crippled, and remonstrance follows, the same death-dooming reply awaits them—' Go ; we employ no grumblers here.' "

No one reads " Michael Armstrong " now, while " Oliver Twist," " Little Dorrit," and all the rest of Dickens's novels still make their appeal to succeeding generations, though many of the evils that they attacked have long been righted. It is the old distinction between genius and talent, the one is creative, the other constructive : Dickens, as a writer of genius, created scenes and characters so true to life that they themselves are living ; Mrs. Trollope, as a writer of talent, constructed them, and clever as they undoubtedly are, the vital force is wanting. Her novels were popular in their day, and " Michael Armstrong," at least, did its part well in the work of reform ; but no words that Dickens ever wrote were more fully justified than his statement to Blanchard, that should she make any attempt to imitate him it would not " cost him a wink of sleep," nor impair his appetite " in the smallest degree."

"WEE MACGREGOR" TWENTY-FIVE. AN APPRECIATION OF J. J. BELL.

BY DAVID HODGE.

"WEE MACGREGOR" celebrates its twenty-fifth birthday this month.

On the 23rd of November, 1902, there appeared unostentatiously on the Glasgow bookstalls the shilling booklet by which John Joy Bell and Wee Macgregor achieved fame. A notable part in the introduction of the brochure to the public was played by John Hassall's

coloured cover, on which Macgregor, with cravat and tam-o'-shanter, stood four-square to the winds of Clydeside.

Prior to the publication of the book the sketches had been a weekly feature of a Glasgow evening paper. They had attracted attention, but not to an extent that gave any hint of the coming furor. Mr. Bell indeed

found difficulty in getting a publisher. This was typical of the replies he received when he circulated the manuscript:

"DEAR SIR,

"We think the little sketches extremely amusing, but fear they would not have a sale sufficient to justify," etc. etc.

The price required by Mr. Bell was £10—the same amount as he got for his first effort, a book of verses for children ("The Noah's Ark": 1898). For £10 Mr. Bell was prepared to dispose of "Wee Macgregor" outright. One cautious Glasgow publisher took the manuscript home, studied it for a week, and then reported to the author: "Quite good in its way, but I don't see how I would get my money back." Ultimately Mr. Bell decided to publish at his own expense, the first impression to consist of 2,000 copies. By mistake 3,000 were printed, and Mr. Bell had visions of "remainder" sales and substantial loss. Immediately "Wee Macgregor" began to sell with reassuring rapidity. Ten days after its advent the 3,000 copies had gone, and by the end of the year 20,000. By March, 1903, over 60,000 copies had been sold—and then America pirated it, a number of publishers putting it out at 25c. and 50c., usually with a startling "fashion-plate" of a juvenile in full Highland costume. American papers gave half-page notices, and *Life* called Mr. Bell the head of the "Finnan Haddie School of Literature."

Meanwhile the popularity of "Wee Macgregor" in Scotland was immense. "Whit wey?" and the other sayings and idioms of the boy passed into current conversation, and alert tradesmen promptly put on the market Wee Macgregor "tablet," Wee Macgregor rock, Wee Macgregor jugs, Wee Macgregor pencils, Wee Macgregor jujubes, Wee Macgregor matches, Wee Macgregor bonnets, Wee Macgregor lozenges, Wee Macgregor mufflers, Wee Macgregor dolls and Wee Macgregor sardines. Wee Macgregor figured in London cartoons, and "Wee Macgregor," a three-act comedy, was staged at a Glasgow theatre, while a Glasgow pantomime included a ballet of Wee Macgregors dressed in accordance with the Hassall picture. There was also a Wee Macgregor parody—"Mair Mcjigger," written by Joseph Simpson, the artist.

Scotland's verdict as to the book was confirmed by England, the Colonies and the Dominions, and its vogue was not confined to Scots.



Mr. J. J. Bell.

Like Sir James Barrie, Mr. Bell was sparing with the desolating vernacular of such works as "Mansie Wauch," "Johnny Gibb of Gushetneuk" and "Tammis Bodkin," and English people found little need for a glossary. Among the first to commend the book to them was William Archer, the lighter side of whose character was then unknown to the general public. He wrote in one of the reviews: "These adventures are absolutely commonplace, and are related without a trace of exaggeration, whether comic or sentimental, yet with such knowledge, sympathy and delicate art as to make them delightful. . . . We are as far from the lymphatic sentiment of the Kailyard School as from the velveteen idealism of 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' but we are closely in touch with some of the best elements in Scottish working-class character." While it is the case that Fauntleroy and Wee Macgregor have nothing in common, there may be those who will question Mr. Archer's contention that Wee Macgregor and his family circle are remote from the Kailyard. The Robinson group—Paw, Maw, Granpaw Purdie, Granmaw Purdie and the others—are sentimental types that were unrepresentative of the Glasgow working class community even in easy-going, far-off years before the city became the head-quarters of the Wild Men.

In its original form "Wee Macgregor" sold about a quarter of a million copies. It was translated into French, and German philologists took an interest in its dialect. A second collection (mainly stories written for the *Idler* during the editorship of Robert Barr and Jerome K. Jerome) was published in 1904, and later the two were issued in one volume. The book is in constant demand, and today the sales are heavier than ten years ago. The pictures for one edition were the admirable and sympathetic work of A. S. Boyd, a Scot with a close knowledge of Glasgow.

Mr. Bell quickly showed that "Wee Macgregor" was not merely a one-boy book by a one-book man. He soon followed his original success with "Jess and Co." (a full-length novel of Scottish life), "Mrs. McLeerie," "Oh, Christina," "Joseph Redhorn," "Courtin' Christina," "Jim Crow" and other volumes, all humorous.

In 1908 came the novels "Thou Fool" and "Dancing Days." In 1914 there was "The Whalers" (first-hand accounts of whaling in the far north).



Wee Macgregor.

From John Hassall's drawing on the cover of the book.

Mr. Bell's knowledge of whale-hunting is deep and wide. His first whaling trip was made from the north of Iceland with the Norwegians in 1900, when the life was harder and rougher than it is to-day. He went again in 1901, and later made many luxurious trips from Harris, his last being in 1920. As he records in "The Whalers" and a recent contribution to the *Quarterly Review*, he has seen all the types of whales at close quarters, except the "Right" whale, or the "Black" whale, as the Dundee whalers called it. *Inter alia*, Mr. Bell has seen an eighty-five-foot Blue whale killed within a minute; a Nordkaper struggle for fifteen hours—and escape; and a Cachalot leap clear of the sea—a sight worth years of waiting.

Novels, short stories, verse, plays—Mr. Bell is versatile, his output heavy and ceaseless. Moreover his latest work has all the verve and sparkle of the best that he did at the beginning of the century. Witness for example his thriller, "Till the Clock Stops," "Atlantic Gold," "Some Plain, Some Coloured" (a collection of stirring short stories), "Johnny Pryde," "Mr. Craw," "Mr. and Mrs. Craw" and "Betty." Mr. Craw, the retired Hillfoot plumber turned *littérateur*, is developed on vastly entertaining lines, and Betty, the young Post Office clerk with autobiographical ambitions, is a worthy companion for Wee Macgregor and Johnny Pryde. Mr. Craw "surprises by himself." When he took to novel writing as the easiest job he could think of, he decided that his novels would be respectable—"Folk dinna want to read about the sufferin's of an unsuccessful greengrocer nor the misfortunes of a female confectioner (retail). So I made ma hero a lord and ma heroine a lady which had never moved a finger for a livin'."

In the midst of his activities as short story and sketch writer, Mr. Bell has just completed a new novel, begun three years ago. The story opens in Algeciras

and ends in Tobermory. There is a lost treasure—not at the bottom of the sea—but the tale is concerned chiefly with the treasure's effects on the minds and lives of the persons interested—a Spaniard who has been brought up and educated in England, a West Highland lady whose grown-up life has been spent in political circles in London, her socialist son at Oxford, a retired merchant in Tobermory, his daughter, and a deaf mute at the Spaniard's ancestral home in Spain. The author knows both Algeciras and Tobermory.

With the exception of the "Macgregor" comedy, Mr. Bell's dramas are in one act, and several of them—particularly "The Pie in the Oven" (produced in 1913 by Lewis Casson for Miss Horniman, of the Manchester Gaiety) and "Thread o' Scarlet," are very popular with amateurs. "Thread o' Scarlet" is a grim affair that would have delighted Henry Irving. It will come into its own when curtain-raisers are revived.

Born in 1871, Mr. Bell was educated at Crieff—where his teachers included John Davidson, the poet—and at his native Glasgow. At Glasgow University he specialised in chemistry, intending to become a scientist. For a time he was in business, but since 1900 he has devoted himself exclusively to Letters. He retains business methods as far as hours are concerned. He works a given number of hours each day with the regularity of any man in a business office, and his working day opens at 6 a.m. all the year round.

Though a London lover, who regards the Strand as the most romantic street in the world, Mr. Bell remains a dweller in the North. All his life has been spent in the West of Scotland. Only there does he find inspiration. St. Andrews is his head-quarters for two or three summer months each year, but the East of Scotland has never yet given him an idea for a character or a story.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

NOVEMBER, 1927.

Answers to these Competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) must be received by the Editor not later than the 14th of the month and should be addressed:

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that Competition I will be for the best original lyric until three months' notice of a change has been given.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their MSS.; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best New Year Greeting, in not more than six lines of original verse, from the competitor to his favourite author.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book.

Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER.

I.—THE PRIZE for the best original lyric is divided and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to G. Laurence Groom, 42, Alma Square, St. John's Wood, N.W.8, and Constance Maunsell, 80, Albert Road, Sandycove, Co. Dublin, Ireland, for the following:

SONG.

Come away, come away,
Come away, my pretty,
All the country's calling us
From the toiling city.
Never mind the scudding rain,
Soon the sun shines out again,
Put on your hat, gird up your gown,
Come away, my pretty!

Come away, come away,
Come and let us ramble
Where beneath the open sky
Glow the ripening bramble.
Free, among the gorse and ling,
All life's cares to heaven we'll fling,
Whilst we hear the glad lark sing,
Watch the sheep-dog's amble.

Come away! 'tis time for play;
Others may be witty.
We'll be wise if but one day
Truant from the city.
Take my hand, catch up your gown,
We'll dance upon the airy Down,
Of wild-flowers all I'll weave your crown—
My dear, my love, my pretty!

G. LAURENCE GROOM.

SO MANY ROADS.

So many roads lead up to God—
The saints so many roads have trod;

And who, if we choose that or this,
Can say that we the Goal shall miss?

The road that you serenely go
May differ from the road I know,

Yet afterwards, at God's dear Feet,
Shall not our souls, enfranchised, meet?

For every road the saints have trod
May lead us to the stars, and God.

CONSTANCE MAUNSELL.

We also select for printing:

TWILIGHT.

When the flames are dancing golden, and the light begins to
fade
To the tender grey of twilight, there sits a little maid
And plays for me with tenderness, a tune dead hands have
played.

I love to sit and listen, with a joy akin to pain,
And hear among the shadows that tender sweet refrain,
The melody that hands I loved will never play again.

(Ellen Boyd, The Beeches, Whitegate, Northwich,
Cheshire.)

OLD AGE.

Old age must catch me up one day,
And gaze into my eyes;
And I shall have to bid him stay,
With half-afraid surprise.

O I must love with heart ablaze,
And dare with strength supreme;
O I must live that in those days
I shall have dreams to dream.

(Margot K. Mackillop Brown, The Dutch House,
Brookvale Road, Southampton.)

We also highly commend the lyrics by Winnifred Tasker (Gidea Park), Beth Collis (Esquimalt, B.C.), Margaret K. McEvoy (Watford), N. Rose (Bristol), Freda C. Bond (London, S.W.), Helena Derezsinska (Warsaw, Poland), F. D. Whittington (London, N.), Mrs. E. M. Bertie (Boona, Q., Australia), Sarah Baxter (Acton), A. M.



Photo by Raphael,
Knightsbridge.

Ethel Mannin
(Mrs. J. A. Porteous)

and her daughter Jean, to whom she dedicates her new novel,
"Green Willow," which Messrs. Jarrold are publishing in January.

Shaw (Bloemfontein, South Africa), Irene Petch (Kirbymoorside), T. Green (Halifax), D. M. Budden (Heswall), Phyllis Armstrong (Llanberis, North Wales), Mrs. S. R. Noyes (Tanganyika Territory, British East Africa), Rev. Edwin J. Matthews (Bradford-on-Avon), Charlotte D. Plummer (Ontario), Ralph M. La Mela (Paterson, N.J., U.S.A.), Winifred Bradshaw (Blackburn), Gertrude Pitt (London, N.), Paul Vinsent Carroll (Glasgow), Olive F. Crowe (Hanwell), J. A. Bellchambers (Highgate), Lenore Gore-Wallace (Liverpool), Constance Morgan (Hampstead), A. C. Brant (Leicester), Elsie Fry Lawrence (South Fort George, B.C.), Joan Hilton (London, S.W.), Frederick Noel L. Poynter (Strand, W.C.), Edward Flewitt (Skegness), Mrs. W. J. Haslam (Cheltenham), L. C. Lesley House (Christchurch, N.Z.), M. H. Hughes (Hemel Hempstead), Winifred E. Young (Southwold), Dorothy Fancourt (Liverpool), Norah K. Lewis (London, S.W.), Dorothy Hope (Southwold), F. M. Ward (Birmingham), Phyllis E. Noble (Long Melford), Irene Boyd (Northwich), Mrs. E. M. Dudman (Malta), Hilary Edgar (Bath), Joan Noble Mackenzie (Dumfries), Millicent M. S. Baylis (Bury), George S. Astins (Clacton-on-Sea), Georgina Holland (London, N.W.), Edith Cook (Leeds), E. F. Christie (London, N.W.), Mariquita Gutierrez (San Sebastian, Spain), Mrs. A. E. Jones (Altrincham), Marion Boyd (Northwich), May B. Wardale (London, S.W.).

II.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to P. Edge, 50, Adswood Lane East, Stockport, for the following :

SIR PERCY HITS BACK. BY BARONESS ORCZY.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)
"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies."
KEATS, *On First Looking into Chapman's Homer.*

We also select for printing :

THE BRIDE'S PRELUDE. BY MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK. (Collins.)
"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
Nursery Rhyme.

(A. Eleanor Pinnington, 4, Matlock Road, Norwich.)

ROMANTIC—I CALL IT. BY ETHEL HARRIMAN. (Harrap.)
"I saw Esau kissing Kate."
Nursery Rhyme.

(Dorothy M. Wood, 30, Dollis Hill Lane, Cricklewood.)

MONEY FOR ONE. BY BERTA RUCK.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)
"How can he marry?"
Little Tommy Tucker.

(Mrs. J. F. Measures, 22, Priory Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.)

HUNGRY LOVERS.
BY ANN STOKES. (Daniel.)
"Tis said they eat each other."
SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*,
Act 2, Scene 4.

(Albert Highley, 45, Samuel Street, Warrington.)

ONSLAUGHT. BY JOAN SUTHERLAND. (Cassells.)
"Down came a blackbird
And pecked off her nose."

Nursery Rhyme.

(D. A. Parnum, 61, Windsor Road, Leyton, E.10.)

III.—THE PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best original quatrain to a young novelist on the publication of a first book is awarded to Anthony Gilbert, 6, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2, for the following :

Don't think you're going to break the Bank or win eternal fame,
If sales are scanty don't believe your publisher's to blame,
Don't read reviews or search the "ads": but take this for your text:
"That book is done for good or ill; now get on with the next."

We also select for special commendation the replies by Margot K. M. Brown (Southampton), H. D. Somerville (Lower Edmonton), William Pool (Lincoln), Winifred Simmons (Kew), C. C. Fraser (Liverpool), Joan Hilton (London, S.W.), Wm. Sutherland (Co. Durham), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), Mrs. W. J. E. Haslam (Cheltenham), C. Burton (Forest Hill), Charles H. Cuddy (Birkdale), George W. Tupper (Wallington), L. Bruce (Ashford), Mrs. Frank Jewson (Norwich), T. E. Casson (Newton-le-Willows), May W. Harrison (Lincoln), A. C. Marshall (Edinburgh), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate Hill), A. Beatley (Norwich), Ethel M. Kennedy (Kensington).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best hundred-word review is awarded to Keith B. Poole, 65a, Selhurst Road, South Norwood, S.E., for the following :

THE DIARY OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD.

EDITED BY J. MIDDLETON MURRY. (Constable.)

There are things in this book even more beautiful than the little masterpieces she wrote. There are whole passages of tenderness, pathos and beauty; thoughts expressing her restless desire to work; notes which reveal her unswerving courage in fighting that rapidly advancing death. At times the thoughts are so poignant, so very personal that one feels an intruder upon this intimacy, and it is that part of Katherine Mansfield which we can never quite understand. This Journal is too private for criticism, but its beauty and love draws one's deepest admiration and sincerest sympathy.

We also select for printing :

THE SOUL OF KOL NIKON.

BY ELEANOR FARJEON.

(Collins.)

Eleanor Farjeon is a stringer together of moonborn opals and faery lights, and a capturer of Jack O'Lanterns. Kol Nikon, the soulless son of the little people struggling for possession of true humanity, wakes in the reader a tenderness

that even his enemies found when they listened to his wild sweet songs. Eleanor Farjeon has the touch of Hans Andersen with a whimsical loveliness in it that is all her own. You may begin to read her books with the ordinary mind of the commonplace person, but you will ride on moonbeams before she has finished with you.

(Alice M. Shaw, Garde-Joyesue, 10, Prettyman Road, Bloemfontein, O.F.S., South Africa.)

THE IMPATIENCE OF A PARSON.

BY H. R. L. SHEPPARD. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

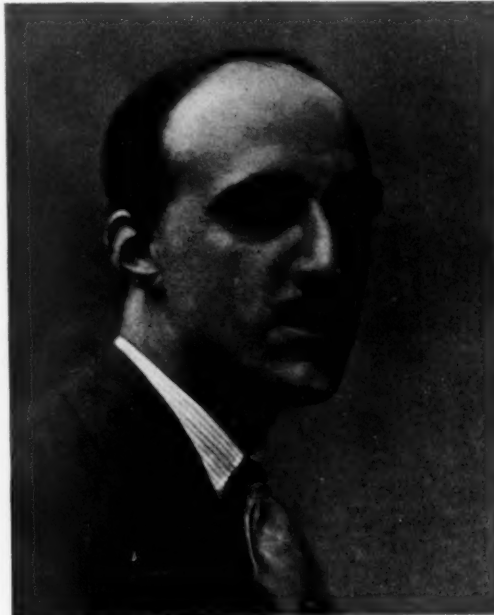
It is impossible to read this book without being deeply impressed by the courage and sincerity of its author. In common with many others Mr. Sheppard has long been saddened by the failure of organised religion to reach the heart of man, but resignation is alien to his fighting spirit. Simply and passionately he sets down his dissatisfaction with the Church of to-day, and uncompromisingly he calls for reforms of the most drastic character, above all for charity and sacrifice. This is a noble challenge to the Church to return to the religion of Jesus Christ.

(Edith Cook, 205, Belle Vue Road, Leeds.)

THE HISTORY OF ANTHONY WARING.

BY MAY SINCLAIR. (Hutchinson.)

This book is a masterpiece in the art of brevity. Into less than two hundred pages of large type, May Sinclair has condensed the whole story of a man's life from early childhood to death. In this intense elimination of all



Portrait by E. O. Hoffé.

Mr. H. V. Morton,

whose "In Search of England" (Methuen) was recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN.

but the uttermost essentials, there is neither crudeness nor bareness. The short precise sentences fit into each other with the closeness of a mosaic. Out of them grows a vivid picture of the likeable, gentle Anthony Waring, of his marriage to a masterful woman of limited intelligence and of his love for a sensitive woman of his own type.

(Helen Trower, High Fenn, Pennygate, Spalding, Lincs.)

We also highly commend the reviews by Mrs. Flora McPhail (Northumberland), Anthony Gilbert (London), Sidney S. Wright (Bickley), K. Simmonds (Hale), H. F. Smart (Wallington), M. K. Scholes (Coventry), C. C. Fraser (Liverpool), A. M. Hillier (Bromley), B. Noël



"Temple Guiting,"

whose new novel, "The Immortal Factor," is published by Messrs. Arrowsmith.

Saxelby (Manchester), Evelyn C. Bangay (Chesham), A. E. Gowers (Haverhill), Joyce Dixon (Hessle), Ethel M. Kennedy (Kensington), Phyllis M. Stone (Southport), Gertrude Pitt (London, N.), Hilda Wilkie-Brown (Edinburgh), Ierne Ormsby (Addiscombe), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), Helena J. Jones (Bath), C. I. Martin (Exmouth), W. Herbert Green (Oxford), Rev. Fred Smith (Newton, Kansas), Judith B. Rosenfield (Belfast), Dorothy M. Wood (Cricklewood), Esther Samms (Luton).

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Rev. F. Hern, Rowlands Castle, Hants.

GERTRUDE BELL.*

BY CECIL ROBERTS.

THIS is the Arabian season. Since the cheap edition of Doughty and the cheap advertisement of Lawrence, the reviewers, who distinguish themselves like frogs by shouting loudest in the cacophonous chorus of approval, have made themselves rather ridiculous. Doughty's book has been hailed as a masterpiece, which it may be; Lawrence's also—which it certainly is not, being tedious and having, like its subject ground, very few oases of poetry in a wilderness of arid prose. Now the late Miss Gertrude Bell can do no wrong.

To be quite frank this extraordinarily able, excited woman wrote very poor letters. She had no gift for presenting a picture or conveying a scene. Her letters are irritatingly scrappy, rushing off from an approach to high politics into effusive hero-worship or prattle about frocks and fruits. We are informed that she was famous as a scholar, historian and archaeologist—according to the jacket—she being neither famous, during her life, nor an historian and certainly an amateur archaeologist. A scholar, perhaps, in a restricted field. In the same jargon—since Lawrence is the uncrowned "King of Arabia"—Gertrude Bell becomes the uncrowned Queen. Their own resemblance in reality is that they both backed the wrong horse, forcing forward the puppet Feisal family, one of whom has already been pushed into the sea by that most remarkable and real king of Arabia, Ibn Saud, Sultan of the Hejd, who was only restrained by British money from sending Feisal of Bagdad the same ignominious way as his relation.

Having cleared the ground of so much ignorant and ridiculous enthusiasm, it now remains possible to pay tribute to a very extraordinary and courageous character. She knew what she wanted, and took it. It is quite possible—we have been assured so—that there were times when Miss Bell was a nuisance, with a passion for meddling in affairs that were not really hers. She had enthusiasms—those for Sir Percy Cox and King Feisal had something essentially feminine in their loyalty—but no one, in all the adverse criticisms that

her conduct invoked, ever questioned her ideals, her courage, her honesty. She was foremost in that group of remarkable English women which has given our "softer sex" such a reputation for hard, invincible capacity.

The daughter of a very able and remarkable family, she had an hereditary gift of forceful control, strengthened by a capacity to penetrate whatever problem she addressed her mind to. This very singleness of purpose was both her strength and weakness. She could only see one side, one policy, one method. In the strict limits of that vision she again and again proved invincible.

Lady Bell, who has edited these letters, has evidently succumbed to too much discretion. Whenever they approach any real information or seem to throw light on the tangle of Arabian affairs, there is a line of dots, and we are off again on little dinners or tea parties, or troubles with servants, or the heat. Then again Miss Bell might have been protected from her naïve joy in being asked to make a report by the India Office. She reiterates this tribute to her importance and recognition again and again, and it gives what we are sure is a false impression of childish vanity.

" . . . heard from him the afternoon's news which was that Feisal had been crowned king of Syria and Abdullah king of Iraq. . . . Tell darling Mrs. Wilson that the yellow hollyhock seeds have come, and I've sown them in my garden," etc.

This is typical of the frustration which the reader suffers throughout this volume. Just when we hope to walk in on a real state secret, we are driven out with dots and hollyhocks. It may be that Lady Bell not only has had a difficult task, but that she has tackled it too soon, when the whole cannot be told. We would not like to accept the scrappy, ineffectual impression of her daughter which this volume gives the reviewer.

For she must have been a remarkable little woman. There are two interesting contributions to this volume, giving a résumé of Arab political history, the one from Sir Percy Cox, the other from his successor, Sir Henry Dobbs. But they both almost forget to mention Miss

* "The Letters of Gertrude Bell." Vol. II. £1 1s. (Ernest Benn.)

Bell, except in the closing paragraphs, when they pay high tribute to her co-operation. Yet how interesting would have been a sketch or an estimate from either of these gentlemen.

Once, in one of these entries, we realise what we have missed when death took, all too early, this gallant, amazing woman :

"The King (Feisal) took us back in his launch, and as we slipped past the palm groves he and I laid plans to write the history of the Arab revival from first to last, from his diaries and my knowledge. It would be a remarkable tale."

It would have been indeed. But she had not spared herself. The heat, the ceaseless interviews, the intrigue, the zest for being in the centre of things, her life of amazing journeys into the desert—all these in accumulation wore down her vitality. It is significant of her singleness of heart that when she might have honourably retired from the scene, flushed with triumph, her purpose gained, her Bagdad achieved, her Feisal crowned, she stayed on, conscious that perhaps the most serious difficulties had begun, that her knowledge would now be most needed. She was appointed Honorary Director of Antiquities, and a tribute to her memory, now on the walls of the museum she created, states: "She assembled the most precious objects in it, and through the heat of the summer worked on them until the day of her death."

That day came on July 12th, 1926, at the age of fifty-seven. She died peacefully in her sleep—tired to death. The Government of Iraq, the King of England and the King of Iraq paid tribute to her remarkable service. In her passing this nation most certainly lost an empire builder and one of the most remarkable women of a race of remarkable women. But the reader will not find the true measure of her in these letters and this book. In them there is a littleness which she certainly had not. Perhaps her life was too active, her plans too large, her passion too swift, to imprison herself in a stream of letters written in a spirit of devotion to her family.

The legend of Gertrude Bell is a remarkable one: it will grow, it has solid foundations, but they are in Iraq, in the tributes and memories of those who had personal contact with her. They are not in these letters, which tend to diminish her stature; though their warm humanity keeps her a figure of friendly charm. In this large book there is one sentence, a remarkable sentence, which deserves to live. It closes the book, and no mother ever gave a nobler epitaph to a daughter:

"But let us not mourn, those who are left, even those who were nearest to her, that the end came to her so swiftly and so soon. Life would inexorably have led her down the slope—Death stayed her at the summit."

THE POEMS OF ALFRED NOYES.*

BY RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE.

MR. ALFRED NOYES suffers from an *embarras de richesse* and his reviewers must suffer with him. Almost casually he dispenses his careless ode, and not fitfully but continually is he touched to song. Ticked with a fancy he laughs a harvest, and his brave fertility overflows the boundary of a thousand pages. There are no weeds it is true and his luxuriance is not rank; it is the "flower of perfect speech," the luxuriance of a garden not of a jungle; and yet the multitudinous plenitude of fruit and blossom is almost bewildering.

Further, Mr. Noyes suffers by comparison and competition with himself. It is easy for a star to be fair if it be the only star shining in the sky; it is not so easy for it to win distinction when the sky is full of stars. And Mr. Noyes's poetry is a galaxy. It is easy to distinguish the song of a nightingale in a chorus of nightjars; it is not so easy to distinguish it in a chorus of thrushes. And Mr. Noyes's poetry is an aviary of song-birds.

Poetry is a fine art and Mr. Noyes is consistently an accomplished and careful artist. In the fourth volume of his Collected Works it is difficult to find a single poem or even a single line that does not show conscientious and cunning craftsmanship. His metres flow, his *cæsuras* are perfectly arranged to produce fine and fitting cadences; his vowels and consonants are melodiously interlaced. Many a would-be poet to-day mistakes a tin whistle for the Pipes of Pan, *talipes equinus* or *asininus* for the hoof of the piping

god, and, with one foot clubbed and one cloven, wheezes and hirlples along; but Alfred Noyes is a true artist his music has no discords; his metres are perfect, anapæsts and iambics he uses with equal skill.

Poetry, again, is more than a fine art; it is an *applied* fine art, an intellectual art which employs its artifices of rhyme, rhythm, alliteration, etc., to give fuller, richer expression to emotional and imaginative ideas and thoughts, and in almost every instance Mr. Noyes has chosen fine and fitting subject for his art to vitalise. His *motifs* are almost invariably just such *motifs* as do gain in emotional and imaginative value when made to dance and march in metre. Briefly, his subject matter is worthy of his art, and his art worthy of his subject matter.

Judged then both from the standpoints of technique and subject matter Noyes is a *maestro* of the first rank. And yet strange to say we have found it—in spite of much reward and allure—a little difficult to read through a whole volume of his work. Despite the variety and the vigour and the artistry of his poetry, there is about it a certain monotony. No doubt, as we have already suggested, this is partly due to the superabundance of his work, and to its uniform merit. Perhaps also it is due to the circumstance that the best Pierian, like vintage Lafite or Tokay, should not be quaffed but sipped and rolled round the tongue, for the best of Noyes's work certainly deserves and requires to be sipped and rolled round the tongue. Yet we are inclined to suspect that there may be other reasons.

* "Collected Poems by Alfred Noyes." Vol. IV. 7s. 6d. (Blackwood.)

Though all Noyes's work has lucidity, charm and beauty, though he never fumbles and has few flaws, yet we think that he is sometimes a little inclined to put too many roses on one bush, and too many bushes in one rose-plot. He has sown with the sack, and his garden is overgrown. We should like occasionally to see brown soil and bare branches; we should prefer a little more brevity, nakedness, and austerity.

Very beautiful are verses like these:

"The sumach burns
in the brake
The hills are a furnace
of colour
and mellowing
light

Where junipers
flame and flake,
And the blue-berry
dreams like a
faint blue smoke
on the height;

The pine-cones fall
below

On the rod-needle
earth,

But wilder and
sweeter the pipes
of the child-god
blow

In a song of the
world's rebirth."

"The cows are crunching
flowers and
dew,

Their long blue
shadows are
dwining;

Their hooves are gold
with buttercup
dust

(There's gold, wet
gold on your
ankles, too),

And their coats like silk are shining.

Dew—dew—and a dance in the spray of it,
Dew—dew—and a light in the grey of it,
Dew—dew—and a bride in the way of it,
Waking at dawn to be married."

There is no denying their exquisite beauty. But there is perhaps rather too great a proportion of beauty of that rather luscious type, and verse after verse full of such beauty is apt to cloy.

Beauty of thought, of feeling, of word, of movement, Mr. Noyes almost always has—his poetry satisfies Poe's definition of poetry as "the rhythmical creation of beauty"—yet I think that a little more compactness, frugality, even barrenness, a little less floridity; a little more *lumen siccum* and a little less rainbow; a little more of the Doric, a little less of the Corinthian, would render his fine work still more effective.

This criticism however must be qualified, for Noyes, though essentially and perhaps superabundantly a creator of rhythmical beauty, has yet many strings to his lyre. When he is not singing of "long blue shadows" and "burning sumacs" he can flourish a

sword, or wield a rapier, or swing a scourge to good purpose. His *motifs* are not only meet but multiple; they reach a range from the eternal themes of love, and death, and natural beauty, to such deadly attacks on the decadents as "The Man That was a Multitude," and a Victory Dance; from such patriotic poems as "The Avenue of

Allies," to such boisterous chanties as "The Big Black Trawler" and "Cap'n Stormalong"; from such wild ballads as "Dick Turpin" to such tender lyrics as "The Visitant" and "The Burning Boughs." Even though I think that the poet overworks certain lovely chords, yet his gamut is undoubtedly wide; he can be, in turn, solemn, frolicsome, sentimental, vitriolic, didactic, amatory, patriotic.

His satire seems to us not always quite successful—"A fat wet hand on the fat wet back" is rather brutal—but the satirical invective of a "The Man That was a Multitude" is such powerful castigation that we cannot resist quoting two verses just to show its quality:

Mr. Alfred Noyes.

"And some would take to poetry, and roll each other's logs,

But since their throats were crookéd, they could only croak like frogs;

And some would take to sculpture, and the naked Venus died

As they showed their blocks of marble, and declared she slept inside,

Ay,

And others painted pictures like the stern of a baboon,
While their fiddlers, by the tavern, fiddled songs without a tune."

[Says the *Man That was a Multitude*]

"O you have sung a new song, but I will sing an old,
And it shall shine like rubies, and it shall ring like gold!

O you have sung the little songs of mating flea and flea,

But I will sing the great song that thunders like the sea,

Roaring,

You have sung the red grass and hymned the purple cow,

And you have asked for justice! Will you kneel and have it now?"



That is surely a knout knotted of the golden strings of Apollo's lyre!

Very fine, too, in a vigorous, swinging, swaggering, dramatic way are the "Ballad of Dick Turpin" and all the chanties and topical poems.

Our own favourite poems however, if we may select from the *embarras de richesse*, are the short pieces, "The Double Fortress," "To a Successful Man" and "The Visitant." These all have concentrated beauty and concentrated deep feeling, and are artistically perfect or almost perfect.

We quote the first as an example of Mr. Noyes's best work:

"Time wouldst thou hurt us? Never shall we grow old
Break as thou wilt these bodies of blind clay,
Thou canst not touch us here in thy stronghold
Where two, made one, laugh all thy powers away.

"Though ramparts crumble and rusty gates grow thin
And our brave fortress dwine to a hollow shell,
Thou shalt hear heavenly laughter far within
Where young as Love, two hidden lovers dwell.

"We shall go clambering up our twisted stairs
To watch the moon through rifts in our grey towers,
Thou shalt hear whispers, kisses, and sweet prayers
Creeping through all the creviced walls like flowers.

"Wouldst wreck us, Time? When thy dull leaguer brings
The last wall down, look heavenward. We have wings."

"Heavenward" is perhaps rather a heavy word and *upward* might be better, but the sonnet is exquisite in feeling and in art. What could be technically more perfect and more effective than the rhythmic augmentation of the meaning of the words "Never," "break," "crumble," "dwine," "whispers," "creeping." We can hear the whispers coming through the crevices. It is admirable!

Noyes has been called monotonous. That soft impeachment I have admitted. He has been called imitative. That I deny. Sometimes he "treads in nobler footsteps than his own," but he always marches and dances on his own feet to the tune of his own heart. It has been said that he has no afflatus and lacks "the light that never was on land nor sea." That also I deny. It is a charge brought by those whose idea of afflatus is sulphuretted hydrogen and whose conception of a light that never was on land nor sea is a night-light in a pea-soup fog.

I have read "The Torchbearers," which is not included in this fourth volume of Noyes's collected works, but to say nothing of that or of the other three, this fourth volume alone suffices to show that he has lucidity, sincerity, imagination, intellectual vigour, sense of beauty, and brilliant craftsmanship,—qualities (alas, so rare to-day!) that entitle him to a high and permanent place in English literature.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

PROPHETS AND CRITICS.

THE symposium on "Literary Reputations in the Balance," which ran through our August and September numbers, has occasioned a good deal of interest, some American papers seeking to prove that Poe's reputation was not too large for him by belittling the literary achievements of those of our contributors who thought otherwise. Several readers have urged us to continue the discussion, and suggested names of authors who, being weightier or less weighty than they seem, should be brought to the scales; one, Mr. J. Cartwright Fitch, sends a discriminating but too long appreciation of Poe, and strongly defends "The Raven" against the charge of artificiality. He thinks that if any well-informed critic who had never read "The Raven," or heard anything about it, were to read it now "he would be fascinated and roused to enthusiasm. The effect of a poem, as a whole, upon a person who reads it for the first time," he adds, "is no bad test of its quality." I am not so sure of that.

How many of us at a first reading grew enthusiastic over Bailey's "Festus," Dobell's "Roman," Stephen Phillips's "Marpessa," but on a second or third reading were not able to recapture that first fine careless rapture? The very freshness and newness of a thing may so delight and dazzle us that we have no eye for its faults; but when we return after an interval, and can reconsider it dispassionately, we often find it necessary to modify our earlier impression. I expect it was after a first reading that Lord Lytton, a man of culture and something of a critic, pronounced Glover's epic, "Leonidas," a great poem, and said it would go down to posterity with "Paradise Lost." If he had kept quiet

until he had read it a second time I don't think Lytton would have said that, and I should have saved a little money and much time. For his eulogy moved me to acquire "Leonidas," and I doggedly toiled through it, hoping all the way that the next page might be better; but I shall never read it again—I would sooner swim the Channel.

Even the best of critics are liable to err, especially when they put too much trust in first impressions. Coleridge believed Hannah More would take her place among standard authors; Scott said Joanna Baillie was the highest genius in Scotland; and Scott too was enthusiastic about Otway and said more tears had been shed for the sorrows of two of his heroines, Belvidera and Monimia, than for those of Juliet and Desdemona. We can still be touched by Otway's pathos, but not to that extent. Dr. Johnson was inclined to consider Akenside a finer poet than Gray; and Addison, praising Waller and Denham, decided that Chaucer was dead and done with:

"In vain he jests in his unpolished strain,
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain."

We are still, however, reading Chaucer and rejoicing in his humour as well as in his poetry.

These facts, and more like them, should chasten all critics and restrain them from becoming too positive, too pontifical. There is no finality in any criticism. A man's own taste may change so entirely that the authors he admired most when he was thirty may fail to satisfy his maturer judgment, though they go on satisfying the maturer judgments of men who are as

competent and wise in such matters as himself. And the general taste fluctuates so largely from generation to generation that the reputations of nearly all authors are continually waxing and waning accordingly. Shakespeare has not been quite immune from these vagaries. Didn't Rowe rewrite some of his plays in order to bring them up to the level of the more refined susceptibilities of his period? Every author has, at different times, been overrated and underrated. Blake had little honour in his day and for long after; but came gradually into something of his own, and in this year of his centenary has passed to the other extreme and been extravagantly overpraised. The greatness of Donne was recognised in his lifetime, but he sank in the next century and ranked below Cowley. So far as I remember, Hazlitt in his "Lectures on the English Poets" makes no passing reference to him. Latterly we have come to a juster appreciation of Donne, but I doubt whether he is yet given so high a place in the poetical hierarchy as belongs to him.

All things considered then it is enough if the critic temperately and with a certain modesty sets down his judgment and does not pretend it has an oracular value or is anything more than the carefully considered opinion of a man who, for all his knowledge and experience, is not infallible. He may see that opinion of his reversed by the majority of his contemporaries; or it may be reversed by posterity when such subsequent proceedings are interesting him no more; then a more remote posterity may confirm his original decision. If he has erred in a rational spirit, without giving himself airs of self-importance, even though that final confirmation does not await him, no sensible person will blame him overmuch for his mistakes, for we all make some at times, though we do not always admit that.

The two unmitigated follies in criticism are self-importance and a tendency to prophecy. You will notice that as the self-importance of a critic increases, the importance of his opinions decreases. And when he ventures into prophecy he never knows where he is. It is good for us to remember that after Dickens had published his first three or four books an eminent critic in the *Quarterly Review* compared him greatly to his disadvantage with Theodore Hook and said his work was ephemeral, his reputation had "gone up like a rocket and would come down like the stick." We know now that he was wrong, and I am interested to notice that in the new issue of Messrs. W. H. Smith & Sons' admirable magazine for book buyers, *The Book Window*, Mr. Galsworthy names "Pickwick" as one of the world's twelve greatest works of fiction.

Therefore it makes me uneasy to see Mr. Humbert Wolfe breaking into prophecy in the October number

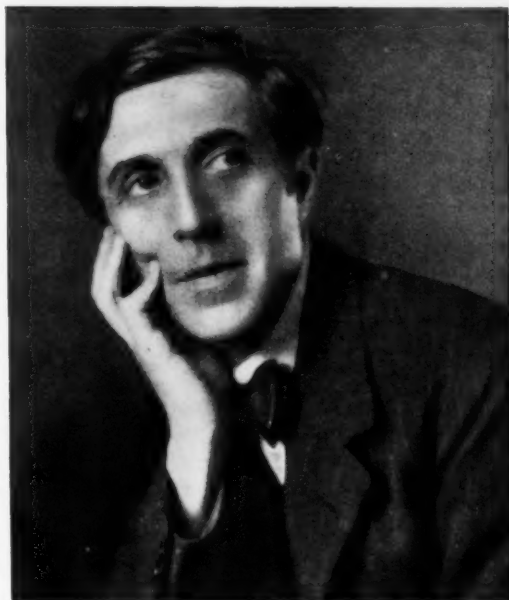


Photo by Sasha.

Mr. Humbert Wolfe,

whose new book of poems, "Others Abide," is published by Messrs. Benn.

of that excellent magazine the *Criterion*. Reviewing Mr. Chesterton's "Collected Poems," Mr. Wolfe thinks it can "be advanced, with some certainty," that Mr. Chesterton's "reputation as a poet will outlive his reputation as a writer of prose, and that in poetry he will be remembered chiefly as a satirist, but as that among the first of any age." He insists on Mr. Chesterton as the greatest living satirist, but is perhaps slightly condescending in dealing with the quality of Mr. Chesterton's prose and with his poetry. Having no skill in prophecy I should be contented to say that, for the present, no poet living has written anything finer than the best of Chesterton's poems—he has the imagination, the word-magic, the beauty of fancy and feeling that are not plentiful in modern poetry; that he is a great satirist; and that none of his contemporaries has written sounder or more brilliant criticism or nobler prose than you will find in his books on Browning, Dickens and especially on Shaw. Mr. Wolfe refers to "The Man Who Was Thursday," but not to these. Mr. Chesterton's greatness as a poet would be more apparent if he had not been a humorist and had written nothing but poetry. What will happen to this or that part of his work in the future is more than any critic can say. Such efforts at prescience are best left to racing tipsters and Old Moore's Almanack; the critic deceives himself who imagines heaven has bestowed that gift upon him.

St. J. A.

KING EDWARD VII.*

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL F. E. WHITTON.

LABUNTUR ANNI; and the slow gliding of the years has the effect of the gentle movement of the tubes of a stereoscope; the pictures which were

slightly blurred now coalesce and leap to the eye in diamond-clear solidity. For there are two pictures here—the reign of Edward VII and the events which preceded the Great War. Looking into Sir Sidney Lee's volume we see these unite and form one representation.

* "King Edward VII." By Sir Sidney Lee. Vol. II, 31s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

The task of writing an absolutely impartial history of a monarch who, within the constitutional limits by which he was surrounded, effected a profound influence on European diplomacy is obviously a difficult one. How difficult will be realised by bearing in mind that, whereas the late king earned in this country the title of "Edward the Peacemaker," he was regarded by the late Tsar and ex-Kaiser as a "mischief-maker," and by the former indeed as "the Arch Intriguer." On the other hand King Edward in 1905 described the policy of his nephew as "stupid and perfidious." A biographer has therefore his work cut out to show where the truth is to be found amid conflicting statements such as these. Let it be said at once that Sir Sidney Lee adduces such evidence, and a sufficiency of it, as will convince any fair-minded reader that King Edward's guiding motive throughout was to preserve peace in Europe, provided of course that England was not penalised in the process. Nevertheless we feel that the biographer weakens his case by some rather cheap reflections on the ex-Kaiser. The Treaty of Björkö in 1905 between Kaiser and Tsar is called "treacherous." But the main terms (as given on page 356) were merely that Germany and Russia pledged themselves each to support the other should an attack be made on either by a European Power, and that Russia should so inform France and ask her to sign as an ally. There is a well known American definition of "strategy" which concludes with the significant statement: "When practised by Indians it is called treachery." We confess that this aphorism recurred to us more than once when reading portions of Sir Sidney Lee's volume.

The great achievement of King Edward was the creation and consolidation of the *Entente Cordiale*. Early in 1902 it was recognised that an Anglo-German co-operation was an impossibility. One of the last obstacles to a cordial understanding between France and England was now removed. There was nothing secret or underhand in the inauguration of this policy. At a State dinner at Marlborough House early in the year Mr. Joseph Chamberlain definitely stated to the German Chargé d'Affaires that in consequence of the tone of the German Press and of a recent speech of the Chancellor in the Reichstag "there can be no more question of an association between Germany and Great Britain." The same evening as Eckardstein was leaving he was asked to come to the King's study. There King Edward said to him: "We are being urged more strongly than ever by France to come to an agreement with her in all colonial disputes, and it will probably be best in the end to come to such a settlement." The Chargé d'Affaires was a diplomat and man of the world, and knew of course that in plain English the king's words, spoken in such a way and at such a time,

could have no other meaning than this: "We have tried to work with you. Your people have made it impossible. Now we are going to work with France."

The diplomatic lists were thus rearranged, and King Edward and the Emperor William were on opposite sides. The initial successes went to the younger combatant. Intervening with his customary theatrical attitude in the Moroccan question he forced France to throw Delcassé overboard, and within less than two months of this victory he had secured the signature of the Tsar to the Björkö treaty. Diplomacy however is a long game, and early and theatrical successes are not necessarily decisive. Wilhelm II found his master in King Edward. Actually he had no more chance in such a contest than had Algernon Deuceace against his father. The tact, the patience, the *savoir faire* and the knowledge of mankind of Edward VII told heavily in favour of the older monarch. In January, 1906, the Conference of Algeciras began its deliberations. "Tell us what you wish on every point," said King Edward to Cambon, "and we shall support you without restriction or reserve." The Algeciras Conference proved an utter disappointment for Germany and was in fact a heavy diplomatic defeat, and as Sir Sidney Lee rightly says: "It is not too much to say that to Edward VII is partly due the comparatively happy termination of the Conference."

King Edward did not confine himself to diplomacy alone. Realising that war might after all be inevitable he took the keenest interest in the question of Army reform. In this intricate problem he was involved at the outset of his reign, for the conclusion of the South African War led to the appointment of a commission into the conduct of that campaign. Edward VII intervened more than once with suggestions and criticisms which reveal a sound grasp of the questions then at issue. Two points are worth recording about his attitude to officers. He was quite opposed to the creation of the *Army Journal*, holding that "writing by officers in any journal was greatly to be deprecated": on the other hand he refused to put his signature to a new Pay Warrant until he was absolutely satisfied that no officer would suffer thereby. Later came the scheme of Army reform introduced by Mr. Haldane, by which the Territorial Army came into being. In the creation of this new force King Edward laboured indefatigably, and it was due chiefly to his labours and personal interest that the initial obstacles were quickly surmounted.

Sir Sidney Lee did not live to see the actual completion of his great history, but although other hands have finished the narrative, this second volume is nevertheless his work, and bears his name. There are some inaccuracies, but they do not seriously mar this *monumentum aere perennius*.

THE BOOKMAN LITERARY CIRCLE.

LONDON.

Programme to end of Year.

October 19th.—Mr. Alfred Tresidder Sheppard, "The Historical Novel." Chairman: Mr. H. A. Jones. (Report next month.)

November 2nd.—Mr. Patrick MacGill: "Irish Humour." Chairman: Mr. Wildey Knights.

November 16th.—Mr. Cecil Roberts: "Francis Grierson: The Enigma of Genius." Chairman: Mr. J. G. Wilson.

December 7th.—Social Evening (7.30) at Hotel Rubens,

Buckingham Palace Road (near Victoria Station). Prizes awarded for best representations (in dress or small designs to be worn) of book titles. Music. Early applications for tickets (5s. each, including supper) should be made to the Secretary, Mrs. Sophie Hine, Glengariff, Church Road, Ashtead, Surrey.

October 5th.—There was a very large gathering at Sion College on this opening evening of the new session when, with the Editor of THE BOOKMAN in the Chair, Miss Rose Macaulay gave a witty and at times devastatingly satirical address on "Styles in Journalism." Excepting some of the weekly journals from her condemnation, Miss Macaulay thought that our evening and most of our morning papers were largely written by journalists of inadequate education who were out for nothing but sensation. She gave amusing examples of the use of stock phrases and overworked adjectives, of startling head-lines and poster announcements. When anything mysterious or tragic happened to a girl, she said, she at once became beautiful and we were startled by such distracting head-lines as "Strange Disappearance of Beautiful Girl"; "Beautiful Girl Shot"; as if the occurrence would have been less important if the girl had been a plain one. Again, we are from time to time told in a scare head-line, "Well-known Clubman Arrested," or "Well-known Clubman Gives Evidence," as if the fact of his being a club-man gave extra significance to the event, and Miss Macaulay wondered who these men were and why belonging to a club should give them this special distinction. Another curious fact is that, according to the newspapers, nearly all the mysterious and exciting things happen in the West End and we are getting used to being alarmed by printed ejaculations of "Tragedy in the West End," "West End Flat Mystery"—flats seeming more liable to these affairs than houses; if they happened in the East End they were not considered nearly so momentous. "Bobbed-hair girl" also figured prominently in head-lines when a girl did anything remarkably wrong or right, though a long-haired girl would now be more of a rarity. Moreover special prominence is given to "Women in all-night queues," "Women Witness Startling Drama," while men witnessing the same scene or standing in the same queue are not thought worth mentioning. Miss Macaulay thought this was because men had more to do with running the papers than women have; and that if women journalists were in the majority that state of things would be reversed. Altogether Miss Macaulay gave a delightfully entertaining but distinctly unfavourable survey of the styles and methods of the modern journalist.

In the very interesting discussion which followed a good deal was said in support of Miss Macaulay and a good deal in defence of the journalist by Mr. Wildey Knights, Mrs. de Crespigny, Mr. Kennedy Williamson, Mr. Alfred Tresidder Sheppard, Miss Nellie Tom-Gallon, Mrs. Hayward, Mr. G. B. Burgin and others, the strongest vindication of the journalist being made by Mr. W. Francis Aitken and Mr. H. A. Jones, Mr. Jones confessing that he loved the piquant head-lines "just as I love the lights that flash out along the Embankment," that he loved those words "West End" and felt the West End was "the real home of mystery"; also he felt that the girl who bobbed her hair was more adventurous, more romantic than the girl who staidly wore the long hair of old convention. "I take off my hat to the journalist," he said, "and admire the skill and marvellous swiftness with which he does his work." Altogether a very successful and enjoyable evening.

MANCHESTER.

Programme to end of Year.

October 18th.—Members' Evening. Miss R. C. Ashby and others: "Victorian Poets." Report next month.

November 8th.—Mr. Philip Guedalla: "On Writing History."

November 15th.—Mr. L. Stanley Just (Manchester City Librarian): "Love and Lovers of Shakespeare." Chairman: Dr. J. O'Reilly Somers, J.P.

November 29th.—Mr. W. Henry Brown: "Charles Kingsley." Chairman: Mr. H. W. Tomlinson (Editor of *The Millgate Monthly*).

December 13th.—Whist Drive and Christmas Supper. All applications should be made to the Secretary, Mr. J. H. Wharmby, Box 510, G.P.O., Manchester.

HASTINGS.

All applications should be made to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Kenneth V. Saville, The Hastings Bookshop, 16, Robertson Street, Hastings.

BRIGHTON AND HOVE.

A branch of the Bookman Literary Circle is being organised for Brighton and Hove, and all particulars can be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, Miss Winifred Hurlstone-Jones, St. Anne's Court, 26, Brunswick Place, Hove.

Continued from page 146.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

- ALLEN & UNWIN.—The Evolution of the English Hymn. Frederick John Gillman. 10s. 6d.
 BELL.—Christianity in the Roman World. Duncan Armytage, MA. 6s.
 JAMES CLARKE.—Ecce Homo, Ecce Deus. A Seeker. 2s. 6d.
 HEATH, CRANTON.—Neo-Hegelianism. Hiralal Haldar. 25s.
 HODDER & STOUGHTON.—The Impatience of a Parson. H. R. L. Sheppard. 3s. 6d.
 LONGMANS.—The Church and the World. Collected Essays. Very Rev. W. R. Inge, D.D. 6s.
 MOWBRAY.—The Symbolism of the Sanctuary. Father Andrew, S.D.C. 1s. 6d.
 NISBET.—The Christian Sacraments. Oliver C. Quick, M.A. 10s. 6d.
 GORHAM PRESS (Boston).—Science, Evolution, Religion. E. T. \$1.00.



Photo by Lafayette.

Mrs. Alfred Noyes.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Noyes are at present in Canada, where Mr. Noyes is giving a series of lectures under the auspices of the Overseas Education League.

THE BOOKMAN'S DIARY.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

The Christmas Number of THE BOOKMAN will be ready on December 1st, and the demand for it is already so large that, as in other years, it will certainly go out of print as soon as it is published. I would therefore urge our readers to avoid disappointment by placing their orders at once, so that they may in good time be sufficiently provided for, as mechanical difficulties make it impracticable to publish a second edition.

The Christmas Number this year will be a handsome volume of over two hundred and fifty pages and in addition to usual features will contain four large illustrated Supplements dealing with the new books of the season, many presentation plates in colour and black-and-white, portrait drawings in monochrome of Dean Inge, by Helen Stiebel ;

H. L. Mencken, by Frank E. Slater ; Warwick Deeping, by H. M. G. Wilson ; Alfred Tresidder Sheppard, by Nancy Sheppard, etc., and a Portfolio of reproductions in colour of six full-length portrait-drawings, by Spy, Junr., of Sir Oliver Lodge, John Buchan, Augustine Birrell, A. E. W. Mason, A. A. Milne and Sir Edmund Gosse, C.B.

The principal literary contents will include fully illustrated articles on "John Bunyan," by Augustine Birrell ; "John Bunyan and the Modern Spirit," by Robert Lynd ; "Bunyan and his Times," by R. Ellis Roberts ; "What George Bernard Shaw Has Said of Bunyan" ; "A Bookman Looks at the Schools," by George Sampson ; "Christmas and the Children," by Marion St. John Webb ; "The Compleat Bookbuyer," by J. G. Wilson ; "Two Lost Leaders," by Frank Swinnerton ; "Tolstoy," by John Freeman ; "Barry Pain," by Alfred Noyes ; "What's Wrong with the Drama," by James Agate ; "Reticence in Fiction," by Dean Inge, etc. etc.

It is just over a hundred years since Hazlitt wrote that brilliant book about his contemporaries, "The Spirit of the Age," and though Mr. Beverley Nichols calls his book about *his* contemporaries "Are They the Same at Home?" (Cape) he might almost have given it Hazlitt's title, for the spirit of the age is rampant in his lively talks with and about people of importance in our days. There are significant differences of course, for ours is a different age, with a different spirit and a much younger interpreter. Hazlitt was thirty-seven when he wrote his book ; Mr. Beverley Nichols is ten years younger ; he does not criticise his subjects and their works with Hazlitt's breadth of experience nor with his sober, analytical skill ; he has a swifter, more careless touch, his scheme is slighter, more impressionistic ; but in a brief and desultory conversation and a few comments he can hit off a character with easy cleverness, lead that character to disclose his idiosyncrasies, and pass an opinion on him and his doings that is often as shrewd as it is airily humorous. Mr. Nichols says

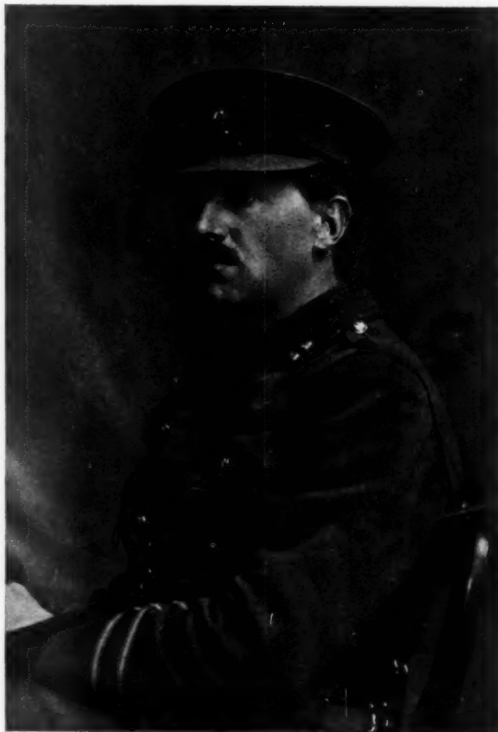


Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

Lord Dunsany,

whose new book, "The Blessing of Pan," has just been published by Messrs. Putnam.

some have called him impudent ; and now and then he justifies whoever called him that ; but he is not more impudent, more devastatingly candid, and never so merciless as Hazlitt was when he was writing of such men as Gifford, or even of close friends or men that on the whole he admired. The notion that our generation is more given to personalities than its forefathers were, and that it lacks their reticence and politeness, will not bear examination. In earlier years *The Times*, that is now so staid, was, like its rivals, far more impudently and offensively personal than any newspaper nowadays would dare to be ; and there are savage, insolent things in Hazlitt's "Spirit of the Age" that I don't think Mr. Nichols could bring himself to write, or he could not have given such charm to the last sentences of his whimsically satirical gossip about Belloc and Conan Doyle. Brisk, irresponsible, amusingly, piquantly candid Mr. Nichols often is, but he is never blatantly ill-mannered or offensive as his



Photo by Paul Tanqueray.

Mr. Beverley Nichols.

forerunners were, and the one complaint I have against him is that when he is supporting Father Knox in declaring that Tennyson's

"Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun,"

are the "filthiest" lines in English literature, he ruins them by misquoting a word. A head "brimming" over with curls suggests water on the brain. He is perhaps a little unkind in speaking of Philip Guedalla as "the last candle of the nineteenth century," but Mr. Guedalla can defend himself; and to see how Mr. Nichols can appreciate the gifts of another young man, read his article on Noel Coward. He ranges from Suzanne Lenglen to Dr. Cyril Norwood; from Michael Arlen to Lloyd George; from Pinero to H. G. Wells; from Edgar Wallace and Epstein to Duff Cooper and Ellen Wilkinson; there is good entertainment in his gossipy indiscretions and his wickedest flouts are too genially witty to be unpardonable.

A study of "Lenin and Gandhi," by Rene Fulop-Miller, author of "The Mind and Face of Bolshevism," has just been published by Messrs. Putnam.

I have been receiving from various quarters notes expressing unqualified admiration of Mr. Alfred Noyes's brilliant article last month on "The Undiscovered Longfellow." One correspondent limits himself to an ejaculatory "Bravo, Mr. Noyes"; others grow indignant at the cheap sneering of Longfellow's latest biographer and some of his superior critics. A good example of these communications is a letter from Manchester which, paying a high tribute to Mr. Noyes's own poetry,

says of "The Undiscovered Longfellow" article, "I have only just read it and cannot resist uttering a sentence or two of sincere thanksgiving. It is a noble defence of a noble brother-poet. . . . I have writhed under the parrot-cries and could only growl inarticulate cries at the sneers at one whom I revere. I have waited long in the hope that some worthy knight would break a lance for Longfellow."

"Rhodes: A Life," by J. G. McDonald, which Mr. Philip Allan is publishing, is a character study and biography of Cecil Rhodes by one who knew him well through the later phases of his career and worked with him in South Africa.

A first novelist who makes a promising start this autumn is Miss Temple Guiting, whose "The Immortal Factor" (Arrowsmith) I have read with considerable interest. The story, which begins and ends in South Africa and has its central scenes in England, is well written, with real skill in narrative and characterisation. Its main theme is the wooing and winning of Lyndis Heron by Luke Waring, who has come over from Africa on a mission to save her from disastrous marriage with the attractive, self-centred, heartless, irresponsible Geoffrey, to whom she is engaged. All that lies behind this action of Luke's, what prompted him to it, is ably developed, and the reader is deftly held in suspense while the covert duel between Luke and Geoffrey progresses. There is something fresh and clean and good in the book's outlook;



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. William Le Queux,

the popular novelist, who died last month at Knocke, in Belgium.

and if the fine integrity and chivalry of Luke and of Laurence Waring who adopted him when he was a derelict boy, make the heroes of some very modern novels seem a rather sorry type of animal, it only means that for a change we have got into better company. There really are a few decent idealists left in the world. This book is worth reading.

I suppose every advertiser asks himself from time to time how he can secure a more satisfactory response to his advertisements, and Mr. A. J. Greenly has set himself to answer this private inquiry in "Psychology as a Sales Factor," which Messrs. Pitman are publishing. Mr. Greenly is managing director of Messrs. Greenly, Limited, the well-known advertising agents. Writing from long experience, he says that "mass selling" is a matter of science, not of luck, and the aim of his book is to teach that science to whoever wishes to learn.

"Folk Tales of Provence," by W. Branch Johnson, is to be published immediately by Messrs. Chapman & Hall. This is a companion volume, illustrated by himself, to Mr. Johnson's "Folk Tales of Brittany."

Most good parodies are brief; to parody a novel at any length is a tax on the reader as well as on the writer—the prolonged strain of the joke is too much for them to be able to go on laughing all through it. There are clever things in "The World of William Wissold" (2s. 6d.; Hurst & Blackett), Mr. A. A. M. Thomson's skit on Mr. Wells's recent novel, but it is often more of a burlesque paraphrase than a parody. Some of its incidents, like the trial of Wissold's father, are too extravagant to be laughable; but there is a wry humour in some of its philosophy and, though it might have been crisper and more biting, it makes amusing reading.

"The Financier" has been added to Messrs. Constable's uniform edition of Theodore Dresier's novels (7s. 6d. each). The author carefully revised and in parts compressed the story when preparing it for this reissue.

A new novel by Miss Barbara Goolden, "Sleeping Sword," will be published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall in January. Miss Goolden made a promising start last year



Photo by Eugene Robert Richer.
Mrs. Elinor Glyn,
whose book of short stories, "It," has just been published by Messrs. Duckworth.

with a very interesting first novel, "The Knot of Reluctance."

As an attempt to solve the problem of religious education in schools and to meet the needs of individual seekers after Biblical truth, Mr. Conrad Skinner has written "Concerning the Bible," which Messrs. Sampson Low have in the press. Dr. Paterson Smyth will contribute a Foreword to it.

The latest additions to Messrs. Benn's Augustan Books of English Poetry (6d. each) are, with one exception, translations, including "A Latin Anthology," "Poems from the Greek," "Poems from the Irish," Arthur Waley's "Poems from the Chinese," and Edward G. Browne's "Poems from the Persian." The exception is a selection from the poetry of John Skelton, Henry VIII's laureate, who a little while ago seemed dead but has happily been reviving of late. Without an intimate knowledge of his times, his liting, dancing, impudent satires need too many cumbersome explanatory notes to make them intelligible, but the poems in this selection are under no such disadvantage. They show him as a lyrist, not perhaps of "astonishing power," as his editor suggests, but of real power and of real charm. This and the five translated booklets are an excellent addition to the series that will be welcome to all students of poetry.

Shortly before his death, the late Mr. B. W. Matz told me he was preparing a Directory of Dickens's London, which would have been a boon to visitors and all true Dickensians but was, I am afraid, left unfinished. Even earlier than that, I imagine, Mr. George H. Cunningham was at work on his ampler, monumental Directory, "London" (21s.; Dent), which he describes as "a comprehensive survey of the history, tradition and historical associations of buildings and monuments arranged under streets in alphabetical order." The book fully justifies that description. Mr. Cunningham begins, for example, with Abbey Road, St. John's Wood, gives a list of six famous persons who lived in that road and, except in two cases, the numbers of the houses they occupied. He ends with Zoar Street, Southwark, carefully defining the site there of Zoar Chapel in which Bunyan used to preach. The eight hundred pages between these first and last items are filled with a wealth of interesting information about (on a rough



Mr. Eric Parker,
whose new book, "Field, River and Hill," Messrs. Philip Allan publish.

calculation) three or four thousand streets, their associations with historical events, with people in real life and in fiction, and whatever else of note belongs to their past. I know of no other book quite like it or that deals with the subject so exhaustively. It is a veritable Enquire Within upon everything of interest concerning London's multitudinous highways and by-ways; a good index supplements the alphabetical arrangement of streets and makes reference to all its information doubly easy. "London" supplies a long-felt want, is a fascinating book to browse upon and a valuable one to keep handy for reference.

BOOKMAN.

NOTES ON RECENT BOOKS.

"Idle browsing tends to become a dangerous form of mental laziness," says Mr. J. Littlejohns, and in his delightful **HOW TO ENJOY PICTURES** (6s.; A. & C. Black) he seeks to avoid this failing by cultivating an intelligent interest in pictures. His method is an excellent one—a number of the world's most famous pictures are reproduced in their wonderful colourings, and these are examined and dissected until the student has grasped, according to his capacity, some conception of their beauty and composition. The book should do much to promote a keener appreciation of true art.

What Mussolini would say if a copy of M. Maurice Paléologue's **CAVOUR** (16s.; Ernest Benn) came into his hands and he scrutinised the portraits of the leaders of the Risorgimento, one reader at least would very much like to know. The *Duce* loves men to have handsome, clean-shaven faces, and here are Garibaldi and Mazzini

wearing great beards, King Victor Emmanuel sporting enormous mustaches, and the great Cavour displaying a fringe under his chin and looking like a sort of caricature of John Bright. As presented in this, the first full-length life of him, Cavour will in many respects cut not too favourable a figure in the eyes of the average English reader. A minister who uses beautiful women as pawns in the diplomatic game, who—doubtless for the most patriotic motives—ransacks the whole Machiavellian armoury of lies, frauds and deceptions and who, on the many fateful occasions on which the two men met, is revealed as alternately cajoling or blackmailing his fellow-conspirator Napoleon the third, has too much of Bismarck's tenacity, long-sightedness and ruthlessness to be popular with Englishmen, who like their political leaders to be rather infirm of purpose, to take short views and to be sentimentalists. The astonishing thing is (astonishing of course, more considered in retrospect than in the statesman's own time) that, as his biographer says, "the creator of United Italy never saw with his own eyes Parma or Bologna, Naples or Rome." Mr. Paléologue's monograph, at once a sparkling



Portrait by E. O. Hopff.

Mr. Ernest Raymond,

whose popular novel, "Tell England," has recently been filmed.

narrative and a most acute study of character, should help considerably to adjust the balances in which the great Italian liberators Cavour and Garibaldi have hitherto been weighed. The book has been excellently translated by Ian F. D. Morrow and Muriel Morrow.

Thrilling adventures, racy dialogue and narrow escapes are to be found in **PAINTED PONIES**, by ALAN LE MAY (7s. 6d.; Cassells). Jealousy over Nancy Chase was the cause of Slide Morgan having to flee for his life, and his being befriended by a tribe of Indians. It has the real cowboy dash and snap, and makes excellent reading.

New Books.

A VETERAN CRITIC.*

Not long ago that *laudator temporis acti*, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, in a characteristically despondent survey of the state of our modern literature, consoled himself and the audience he was addressing with the reflection that Sir Edmund Gosse and Mr. Thomas Hardy were still with us and still writing. To be coupled with Hardy—what higher honour could any living man of letters desire? But if the compliment to Sir Edmund Gosse was splendid, so also was the compliment to journalism, for it is to the pages of a Sunday newspaper that readers must turn to find the work of this veteran critic and essayist—recent

* "Leaves and Fruit." By Sir Edmund Gosse, C.B. 8s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

books of his being merely collections of such press contributions. For more than eight years now, Sunday by Sunday, the *Sunday Times* has served as Sir Edmund Gosse's pulpit, and it is questionable whether his output would have reached anything like its present size but for the weekly calls of printer and editor. At his age and with his inducements to leisure, the record of these years of punctual industry is more and more of a marvel, especially as with industry goes also accomplishment. His zest in the topics and personalities of literature shows no signs of flagging, his style is consistently vivacious and graceful, he is alive to every wind that blows across the literary heavens and has a keen eye for every new growth of talent, he is as generous to youth as he is fair to dead authors, he is equally tolerant to the present and

past, he has been writing now for close on half a century, and still there is nothing stereotyped, no trace of languor, in either his expression or his thought.

"Leaves and Fruit," this new volume is styled, and in its tiny preface Sir Edmund perhaps reveals in part the secret of his eternal youthfulness of spirit. "Unknown auditors write," he says, "in the kindest of terms, to beg me to be something other than my mood dictates. They wish me to be frivolous while I am reading Epictetus; they propose Bacon as a subject when I am thinking of Ninon de Lenclos. But by dint of gazing interminably over the vast expanse of literature, I have gradually and unconsciously come to regard with equal interest all forms of passionate expression, whether grave or gay, profound or superficial. I ask of books only that they should be amusing, that is to say competently enough executed to arrest an intelligent observer. My little essays on them are so many pieces of broken looking-glass held up to catch the figures and gestures of life as they pass by. It is for my readers to say whether the mirror is clear or tarnished; at all events I do not think it is dimmed by prejudice."

Catholicity of taste, openness of mind, freedom from the mandarin's pose, avoidance of partisan rigidity, interest in the personal side of letters, insatiable curiosity about men and women and life and books—these qualities in part explain why it is that no real literary effort, even if cranky or precious, fails to meet with response from Sir Edmund Gosse. In addition he has an abounding sense of humour (read his account of Tom Moore in Wiltshire) and a happy gift of wit. There is little of the bookworm about him. If he has been a librarian in his time—at the House of Lords, as he reminds us—if he keeps his palate fresh by constant reading and re-reading, he is always on the look-out for the human note. His reviews are as far as may be portraits, he is rarely drawn into debate on the "rules" and abstract problems of literary art.

It is impossible to follow him in detail through nearly forty essays on disconnected subjects—most of them reviews. This book is a lucky-bag into which its possessors should dip at intervals, with the confidence however that every dip will bring them a prize; there are no blanks, no duds in the Gosse lucky-bag. In the presence of such a wealth of good things, the difficulty is to decide which to single out for mention. We discover here Fathers of the Church cheek by jowl with Montaigne, Walt Whitman almost next door to Rousseau, Ninon de Lenclos within hail of Hannah More, Epictetus following in the queue behind Sir Philip Sidney, Samuel Butler on the heels of Mallarmé. This haphazard selection of names gives some idea of the range of the essayist's knowledge and sympathies, but the papers with other head-lines than these are just as interesting. If I feel like pointing to his studies of Mallarmé's verse and "La Nouvelle Héloïse" as examples of his critical felicity, I ought also to add that he seems to me to say things that wanted saying on Pope as poet and on the prose of Johnson. Special value too always attaches to anything he writes on Rossetti and Swinburne and Stevenson, for in dealing with them he can draw on his still unexhausted personal reminiscences; readers should not miss therefore the sections headed "Sidonia the Sorceress" and "Cummy."

But the two essays which I find most piquant are those devoted to such typical moderns as Edith Sitwell and Siegfried Sassoon. Here I seem to detect along with that impartiality which never fails the critic, along with the natural indulgence of age towards youth, a certain twinkle of amusement over the eccentricities of these Georgians—especially in the case of the lady. Mr. Sassoon could afford to look back on his treatment at the hands of the veteran without overmuch dismay. But Miss Sitwell, whom Sir Edmund Gosse appreciates warmly enough, is not likely to forget the straight thrust which comes at last: "She has no need of spangled tights and a trapeze; I would have her aim relentlessly at being less funny and more human." This also it was necessary that someone should say.

F. G. BETTANY.

THE DILETTANTE.*

This is the first volume of the English Men of Letters to be written by a woman; and it is one of the most sympathetic and acute either of the old or new series. Although the publishers state that this new series, while it "will fill up gaps . . . in the main includes writers of a later period," I notice that of the sixteen volumes already projected, half at least are devoted to authors who were available when the series enjoyed its first renaissance; and there are still some striking omissions, of which John Donne, Smollett, Kingsley, Newman and the Brontës are perhaps the least excusable. Yet few authors could be more welcome than Horace Walpole. He fulfils admirably the two ideals which give an author an unassailable claim to enrolment on the list of men of letters. He is one of the most conspicuous and individual English authors, and in himself and by his interests he represents and embodies a whole period, a whole regimen of taste. Both for good and ill Walpole—not Hurd nor Percy—directed and diverted the movement towards a renewed Gothic; and if on the one hand we owe to him Walter Scott, the elder Pugin, Chateaubriand and Hugo, we also owe to him Mrs. Radcliffe and Charles Maturin and even Sir Gilbert Scott. What it was that drove Walpole to his interest in Gothic it is hard to determine. Few Englishmen would have been less at ease with the genuine spirit of the Middle Ages; one would have expected that his Whig principles and his Protestant prejudices would have kept him severely in the camp of the classicists. No doubt part of his interest may be attributed to the fascination of the forbidden. I think Walpole liked to believe that somewhere in him was killed a romantic, a ghost-seer; he played with superstition as a child with fire, and because he was playing, his flames rarely if ever give any heat or glow. It is not for "The Castle of Otranto" nor for "The Mother's Tragedy" that we remember Walpole to-day. To these works, however, and to those others which hover wittily if uneasily between the historical pamphlet, the topical squib and the personal lampoon Miss Stuart gives due place; and most admirable judgment she shows in her estimate of them. Walpole is nearly always readable, and even in so unabashed a political address as the "Memoirs of the Last Ten Years of the Reign of George II" we find delightful examples of his satiric humour—Frederick Prince of Wales "resembled his pattern the Black Prince in nothing but in dying before his father."

But the Walpole we still read, the Walpole whose interest is inexhaustible, whose range, narrow as it may seem, is so much wider than that of most men of his world (compare him for instance with the pompous, elegant emptiness of Chesterfield), is the Walpole of the letters. It is his letters which make so many of us willing to be a little blind even to Walpole's least amiable faults. I cannot go all the way with Miss Stuart in her apology for him in his conduct of his friendship with Madame du Deffard. His timidity here has a quality which is a little less than gentlemanly; we do not ask of our Walpoles that they should be men, either in the apostolic or the Kingsley sense, but we do expect them to be gentlemen, and in his insistence on the disparity of years, in his anxiety that his sentiments at least should be recognised as the cool, philosophic things they were, he falls below a reasonable standard of decent behaviour. After all Madame du Deffard was a great lady, of wit and sense, not an hysterical girl. It may be that Walpole here was the victim of his character, and too old to attempt a reformation. All his life, except in the realm of politics, he thought of things in terms of wit and of decoration; he did not want to be too intimate with anyone, and I cannot understand how the word "warmth" came to be applied to his friendships. He also chose his companions, with the doubtful exceptions of May and Agnes Berry, when he was old and beyond criticism, out of admiration for their gifts rather than out of love for their

* "Horace Walpole." By Dorothy Margaret Stuart. 5s. (Macmillan.)

characters. When Thomas Gray, his friend of twenty years' standing from the school-days at Eton, visited Strawberry Hill in 1748, Walpole writes to Montagu:

"He is the worst company in the world—from a melancholy turn, from living reclusely, and from a little too much dignity, he never converses easily."

He always preferred society to friendship and company to confidence, and his disgust at Dr. Johnson springs from something deeper than dislike of his politics and his manners. It is these very faults of Walpole's which make his letters so unexampled a guide to a section of English society of his day. We do not go to him for judgments on Wesley or on Butler; he is almost ridiculous as a critic of contemporary literature—but if we want to know what names ruled England in the court, in parliament, in society, how shallow and self-satisfied a thing was the ascendancy of the great Whig families, we can have no better guide than the letters of Horace Walpole.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

SELF-REALIZATION.*

The author's purpose in this book seems to have been to give the neophyte a comprehensive outline of the philosophy, which is often mystical, of self-development in its religious aspect. Since we live in a decade of hustle and grab for the things that perish, the lesson which the mystics have to offer us as to the things that really matter cannot too often be voiced, cannot too often be repeated for unaccustomed ears. This special temporary factor alone would make a book on the mystical philosophy of self-knowledge especially welcome, and that welcome should have received a strong confirmation from the author's high reputation as an educationist. It is therefore all the greater pity that Mr. Holmes's style in "Self-Realization" should be so unworthy of an educationist; moreover the tautology and the awkward constructions are not merely unattractive where attractiveness is essential in bringing a difficult message to those who want it, but the matter itself often becomes somewhat meagre. Certainly a sophisticated reader cannot fail to be irritated by Mr. Holmes's careless hospitality to platitudes, such as "The greater the hurt and the harm, the more urgent is the need for a remedy"; "the root of all our troubles is a misunderstanding of the meaning and value of life." No doubt there will be readers persistent enough to work their way through Mr. Holmes's main argument that "self-realization is the whole duty of man," but again one must confess to some difficulty in summing up the point of view behind this book, because the term "self-realization" does not always seem to be used consistently. For example, a reader might well ask, if it is "the whole duty of man," why does the author say in the chapter on "Self-Realization Through Conduct": "The selfishness of the religious devotee is in a class by itself. Self-realization, as an ideal, can prove an antidote to every other form of selfishness, but not to this." If self-realization involves self-annihilation or transcendence, as all the mystics declare, and as the author in another chapter repeats, the selfishness of spiritual pride cannot co-exist with it. There remains a further cause of bewilderment in the sentence following that just quoted: "For in principle, if not in practice, religious devotion is incompatible with selfishness; and it is only when religion centres in the cult of a supernatural Deity that the two can co-exist. But the philosophy of supernaturalism is the direct negation of the philosophy of self-realization. . . ." Really the author ought to have supplied a glossary of definitions so that we may know what he means by "supernaturalism," "self-realization," "God," "Deity" and so on. On the next page a fresh chapter begins with the statement: "To find the real self, to attain to knowledge (in the deepest sense of the word) of ultimate reality, to attain oneness with God Himself, is the task which God has

* "Self-Realization." By Edmond Holmes. 4s. 6d. (Constable.)



Bianca Capello.

From "Bianca Capello," by Clifford Bax (Gerald Howe).

set us." Is this God not a "supernatural Deity"? But one might go on quoting statements which are either superficial or else entirely opposed to other statements in a book which can only be described as a fine opportunity wasted for a truly educational essay. And we have reason to expect better of the author of "What is and What Might Be."

R. L. M.

TWO REMARKABLE WOMEN.*

Mr. Clifford Bax makes an interesting point when, at the end of his friendly study of Bianca Capello, he says that "feminine genius may consist chiefly of a power not to make this or accomplish that, but to live life effectively, to 'take the stage' and to subdue the will of other persons by unaccountable fascination." "May consist," mark you, not "consists," so that a loophole is left for such as Jane Austen, who "made," or such as Gertrude Bell, who "accomplished"; though that loophole is a trifle blocked by Mr. Bax's remark, higher up the page, that "feminine genius must operate, of necessity, in a peculiar field." It would perhaps have been more exact to say that the operations are peculiar; the field has surely been proved to be nowadays much the same. But this is wandering from Mr. Bax's point, namely, that certain women have a genius for living, and that Bianca Capello—"the infamous Bianca Capello," in Addington Symonds's phrase—was one of them. Certainly this runaway Venetian who became Grand Duchess of Tuscany was scarcely content to warm her hands before the fire of life. Bianca at sixteen was not of a temper to find adequate occupation in embroidery, the repetition of prayers and the perusal of devotional books. She took a lover, a good-looking young scamp who assured her that he was a man of wealth and position; a little later she married him, secretly, only to discover that he was nothing more than the son of a humble Florentine notary. It was too late to retract. Bianca was pregnant; she had no hope of her family's forgiveness; and with the resolution which was always to characterise her, she escaped with her husband, Piero, to Florence. And in Florence, where Piero conclusively proved himself a coward and faithless, she met Francesco,

* Representative Women: "Mrs. Annie Besant." By Geoffrey West.—"Bianca Capello." By Clifford Bax. 3s. 6d. each. (Gerald Howe.)

son of the great Cosimo de' Medici. The future ruler, riding in the square by the ducal stables, saw one day the shutters of an overlooking window flung open; a girl of startling beauty showed herself as he passed. He made inquiries; it was, he learned, the audacious Venetian, the runaway. A passing amusement, thought Don Francesco, planning to meet Bianca; little did he suspect that this was the spark of the flame which should consume his life. Disgusted with her husband, Bianca became Francesco's mistress; and so she remained until, at the age of thirty-one, she became his Duchess. Her terrific vitality kept his passion alive for twenty-three years; not even the deception she practised on him (and afterwards confessed), offering him the child of a low-born woman as her own son, could shake his affection. The two died within a few days of one another; and to the last Bianca held his heart in her hand.

We live in an age which has forgotten Francesco's lady. Bianca was essentially a woman of the Renaissance; it is less by being than by doing that women to-day take their place in the house of fame. Mrs. Besant is first and foremost a woman of action. Latterly she has so identified herself with the aims and aspirations of India, so wrapped herself in the mysteries of a creed Eastern rather than Western, that we are apt to forget the Mrs. Besant of an earlier day, taking her stand beside Charles Bradlaugh. "There was indeed, it appears," writes Mr. West, "scarcely a public controversy from the seventies to the nineties, touching intellectual, social or political freedoms, with which she did not identify herself upon the unpopular side; typify her era she certainly does not, but she may be said to have summed it up in very large degree simply by the extent to which she ran counter to its most cherished beliefs and prejudices, fought against the storm of its reactionary force." Mr. West describes her spiritual pilgrimage with an enviable impartiality, but without irony. A Lytton Strachey of a future age, perhaps, will lay a wreath of studied irreverence at the feet of this portentous woman; for the present the detachment of Mr. West meets the case well enough.

DILYS POWELL.

HOW WARS ARE MADE.*

You may feel a little uncertain about one or two details in Mr. Montague's "Right Off the Map." Would Burnage, the newspaper editor, for instance, begin that speech from his window to the excited mob in the street by saying he had not changed his views, then under the influence of his wife, who sits by him, change them while he is speaking and give his rowdy listeners the ranting war-dope they are waiting for? Uxorious and dominated by his wife as he is, the change seems to come too suddenly to be natural, seeing how stubbornly he has advocated peace and until now stuck to his opinions in face of all opposition. You may think, too, that Mr. Montague's attitude toward Major Willan is too sympathetic. Willan is a soldier of fortune, wandering about the world, keen to take a hand in any war that may be going, and easily able to persuade himself that the cause he is fighting for is a good one. There are such men; there is something fine in their courage and romantic spirit; and anyone writing of them truthfully must reveal that fineness and give them the personal charm that often goes with these qualities. But Willan with his primitive joy in battle lends himself to the purposes of those warmongers who never shoulder a gun, and if he is to be excused as the product of existing systems, the same excuse might be urged for the more noisily bellicose who only face danger by deputy.

If "Right Off the Map" handles Willan and his like too kindly, it takes the gloves off to the Bishop, the great newspaper owner, the editor, some journalists and others and is starkly and bitterly satirical on modern methods of government, the tyranny of the modern press, the callous greed of big business, the unscrupulous ways in

* "Right Off the Map." By C. E. Montague. 7s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)

which wars are prepared for and brought about, the military blundering that on the one side results in success and on the other in failure. For all its satire and subtle irony, there are real thrills of romantic adventure in the story of the chaotic war waged between the neighbouring Republics of Ria and Porto; and though the two Republics are imaginary, their people are real and remarkably like people in the countries that we know, and their ideals and lack of ideals, the propaganda that slanders and breeds hatred of the enemy—these and other such things are reminiscent of the state of affairs rampant among ourselves a few years ago.

It is brilliantly written, in the spirit of "Disenchantment," is touched with beauty of thought and feeling and as alive to the nobility as to the meanness of human character. There is more pity than scorn in Mr. Montague's ironic mood; and though his story is abundantly interesting in itself, the sane philosophy that runs through it adds to its interest and gives it significance.

A. R.

A CELTIC ANTHOLOGY AND SOME VERSE.

Of the making of anthologies there is no end, and very often the formula is a simple one. It has its degrees of simplicity; the easiest is to take from other anthologists what has pleased them. The use of their formula is apt to produce an effect of monotony. I once knew a man of letters who desired to make an anthology to be called "The Poet's Parnassus." It was to include the poems which are essential to every anthology. He did not carry out his intention. If he had he would no doubt have made a very excellent anthology, but his part of the work would have been just clerical. Not many anthologies bear evidence of personal choice and selection, and of course without that an anthology loses much of its life and significance. Most of us who appear in anthologies have to complain of the monotony of choice among our poems. May I give a personal illustration? I am almost invariably represented in anthologies by "Sheep and Lambs," though I have written many better poems. Now to the "Celtic Anthology."¹ Mrs. Rhys brings pretty well all the equipments. She has done her work with industry, sympathy and knowledge. I don't know that she has ever published a volume of poems, but one has only to read her introduction to her anthology to be aware that she is a poet born. She is one of the victors who has not had her due. She has had what Frank Mathew used to call "Irish luck," which is to say ill-luck. Someone will yet discover with delight her trilogy of Irish stories beginning with "Mary Danince." At a time when Alice Meynell was winning deserved praise for her beautiful essays, Grace Rhys was writing essays as exquisite, as minutely observed, as full of living and limpid English. Grace Rhys had "Irish luck." The fortunate reader of this anthology, by which other Celtic anthologies may well seem scamped and ready-made, will read Mrs. Rhys's introduction with sheer delight. There are passages that might very well be transferred to her selections and shine among them. She has spared no pains. She has gleaned in all the fields, Irish, Scottish and Welsh, and she has done wonders in her inclusions. From an anthology like this it seems impossible and inadequate to give a single quotation. One lingers with delight over the examples of old traditional poetry fresh and shining as a jewel or the dew on a rose:

"Those ancient venerable song-enditers
Soared many a space beyond our modern vision,"

wrote an old poet quaintly, and it is true of our day as it was of his.

Mrs. Rhys's book will delight alike scholars and lovers

¹ "A Celtic Anthology." By Grace Rhys. 7s. 6d. (Harlap.)—² "With the Years." By Cecil French. 5s. (Richards Press.)—³ "Dwellers in Dusk." By Herbert Jones. 5s. (Bodley Head.)—⁴ "Sunrise." By Trevor Blakemore. (St. Catherine Press.)—⁵ "The Rhythm of Life." By Rhoda Walker Edwards. (Putnams.)

of poetry, and in this age of a general lassitude of mind, when poetry is out of fashion, it is to be hoped that it may find many readers. For the time being at least, it is an ultimate anthology, one to which future makers must turn for its knowledge and love of its object.

It is difficult to turn from an anthology like this to minor poetry, however good. Perhaps the distinction between major and minor poetry is unfair, as though one should belittle a robin because it is not a nightingale. Mr. Cecil French's "With the Years"³ is poetry, with a somewhat unusual and individual style. Indeed he lays a spell upon one as one turns over the pages of the tiny volume. It has a strangeness, an aloof charm, such as one finds in the poetry of Walter de la Mare. It is ingenuous and stimulating. The book is dedicated to Mr. Sturge Moore. There is a likeness between the minds of the two men—and the hands, as witness the one or two beautiful woodcuts by the author which illustrate the volume. Mr. French is a poet's poet. I give a poem which has his quality of subtlety and distinction without the beautiful combination and music of some of the other poems:

"What I would hide lies hidden,
What is to tell I'll tell—
Or so I thought and wrought.
But words arise unbidden
To hide what I would tell,
To tell what I would have hidden:
Words are words, thought thought.

"Many a deed unthought-on
Usurps the long-held will.
Time was when I cried shame
On one and all, whose will
Should yield to a deed unthought-on.
Now—knowing the wheel we are caught on—
I know nor shame nor blame."

He will not have a wide popularity, but he will have his audience and a choice one.

"Dwellers in Dusk"⁴ is a book of verse which has a classical quality. It represents the clear vision of a highly cultivated mind with a feeling for beauty and a power to express it. Highly-educated poetry with a delicate choice of words and a sense of music. The book leaves one with a feeling of having been in clear mountain air, seeing the dawns and the sunsets and the high hills with a companion who knows the delight and responds to it.

"Sunrise,"⁴ by Trevor Blakemore, has again the classic note. There is good poetry here and the singing voice. One feels about this book as the preceding one—that they were made with happiness and sincerity in the mind of the maker, and if

"Rarely, rarely, comest thou, Spirit of Delight!"

there is pure pleasure to be found in these pages.

"The Rhythm of Life"⁵ does not reveal Miss Rhoda Walker Edwards, does not persuade one that the writer finds her best expression in verse, but there is some forcible writing in "Reprieve of the Dead" and "The Unknown Soldier." Miss Edwards shows more sense of rhythm and even poetic quality in the French verses with which she ends the book than in anything written in the mother-tongue. It is in fact a pretty and musical lyric.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

TWO VIEWS.*

I

To a somewhat staid suburban couple, Richard and Carlotta Halsey, two daughters are born, Stella and Antonia. These two and Valentine Hardie, the daughter of Richard's first love, become in course of time the three wives with whose fortunes Mrs. Seymour has chosen to deal. At the outset, the neglect of his own daughters by Richard Halsey and his super-fatherly devotion to Val are not quite convincing; neither is the enduring attachment of Stella to

* "Three Wives." By Beatrice Kean Seymour. 7s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)

her faithless husband, Mickey Ross, or her continual "fitting into the bizarre pattern of his life." Even the most affectionate wife in all the world could scarcely condone Mickey's unconcealed aberrations from the path of marital morality. "At some point or other Mickey was spoiled, as though the hand of the Potter had shaken." After Stella's marriage to Mickey, Theodore Warren, rich and stolid, married Antonia almost against her will, and Val Hardie, aged eighteen, is wooed by an officer in the Indian Army nearly twice her age. Whereat Richard Halsey is sadly discomfited for his belief was "that despite the philologists youth was meant for youth." (Query, why the philologists?) At all events, in each case the woman soon realises that she is married to the wrong man, and Mrs. Seymour's tale is concerned chiefly with the reaction of the three wives to the circumstances in which this discovery places them. By far the most interesting character in the book is Antonia, the lover of truth and of dogs, and it is consoling to know in the end that at least her happiness is assured. "Three Wives" no doubt presents a true picture of some post-war types of individuals, but the types in themselves are unimportant and so the book loses in its appeal. A return by Mrs. Seymour to the mood of, say, "The Hopeful Journey," would we think be welcomed by many of her admirers.

J. B. CHAPMAN.

2

"What else could you be that's better than a wife and mother?" asks the old veterinary surgeon in Mrs. Beatrice Kean Seymour's latest novel; and Tony answers, "A human being, please." To an extent, that sums up the modern girl's attitude toward life—and Tony is essentially modern. To be a human being a woman must have work she really cares about, as well as love. This clever study of three disastrous marriages is an emphatic protest against the circumstances that compel the average well-to-do middle-class wife to become a parasite. The sisters, Stella and Tony, are natural, likeable girls; so is Val, daughter of the woman who jilted their father in his youth. All three are doomed to marry early and to be unfortunate in their choice of husbands, and each, according to her temperament, deals with her problem in her own way. From first to last the story is full of vitality, for Mrs. Kean Seymour has that rare gift of seizing upon the interest and imagination in the first paragraph and not letting go until she has said all she wants to say. The characters are extraordinarily alive and talk and act with vivid reality, even if they are drawn from a critical rather than a sympathetic standpoint, and even if the men, for the sake of the argument, are all representative of different types of cads. The author is certainly not kind to her husbands; though flesh and blood creatures, she turns them into Aunt Sallies, and is such a crack shot that her matrimonial theories bring them down every time.

ALMEY ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

THE PRINCE'S SPEECHES.*

This handsomely produced volume of the Prince of Wales's speeches, the profits from which are to be given to the various charitable funds in which he is interested, makes it clear that the praises with which, at their moments of delivery, they have been welcomed, are justified by something besides the goodwill with which the efforts of a young and attractive man who is heir to the throne are naturally regarded. The Prince has a genuine and happy gift of oratory, a talent for saying the thing appropriate to the occasion, and for passing by easy transition from grave to gay and from lively, if not to severe at any rate to serious. Spoken all over the world, and dealing with a vast variety of subjects, these speeches, when read one after another, are seen to have a unity which is rooted in a consistent and positive personality. Their most salient characteristics are a combination of frankness and modesty.

* "Speeches by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, 1912-1926." 21s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The Prince has often been called "the Ambassador of Empire"; and he has earned the title by his knack of putting people in a good temper. His passages of persiflage show real humour and they are never laboured. What, for instance, could be neater than the conclusion of the speech made at his installation as Chancellor of the University of Wales?

"I should like to say how very proud I am that my first duty as Chancellor of this University should have been to present degrees to those distinguished men whom the University is very glad to welcome and to honour here to-day. In one case, at any rate—that of Mr. Balfour—I feel that I have to a certain extent repaid the debt which I incurred at Cambridge last week, where our positions were reversed; for there he, as Chancellor, gave me an honorary degree and addressed me at some length in Latin—a tongue with which I regret to say I am not as familiar as I should be. So it is a special pleasure for me to find myself in a position to-day to repay the compliment both with regard to the degree itself and the formula of its presentation—for, though I dare not compare my pronunciation of Welsh with his faultless and scholarly Latin, I cannot help thinking that he understands considerably less of my few remarks a moment ago than I did of what he said to me at Cambridge last week."

Again, there is something like genius in the sustained analogy with which he began his speech at the Civil Service dinner, in the exciting days of the last Test Matches in Australia.

"First wicket stands are all the fashion just now. But, when I look down the order of going-in—I mean the toast-list—and when I see the great batsmen who are to follow me, even now sitting in the pavilion, with their pads on and their bats ready in their hands, then I feel it is not for me to try to be a Hobbs or a Sutcliffe. So, though the wicket is quite an easy one, I shall not trouble you for more than a few overs. I shall not stand between you and the mighty drives of Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Chamberlain, or the late cuts of Mr. Churchill—though perhaps 'cuts' is hardly a fair word to apply to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The best that I could hope to do in such company is to bring off a few mild 'leg-pulls.'"

There are a good many "leg-pulls" in these speeches, and they are all scoring strokes.

F. B.

THE DARK CITY.*

There comes a period to most of us, and particularly to those who scan the heavens, or probe the depths of the ocean, or peer into the manifold secret places of the earth, when the incredibility of the facts and the profundity of the problems that confront us appear overwhelming. It is doubtful, however, if anything more incredibly profound has been recorded for generations than "The Life of the White Ant," which M. Maurice Maeterlinck gives to us through that most capable translator, Mr. Alfred Sutro. None, having read this epic of nature, will hesitate to agree with the author that truth alone is marvellous. In the case of the termites, or white ants, it is more than marvellous: it is staggering, stupendous, overwhelming, awesome. It lays before us a grim Utopia of efficiency which is the very antithesis of that honey-scented efficiency of the hive which we discovered in "The Life of the Bee."

"... all is darkness: underground tyranny, cruelty, sordid, filthy avarice, the atmosphere of the convict cell, of the penal settlement, and the charnel-house. . . ."

It tells of blind, weak, defenceless creatures that perish if exposed to light, yet destroy towns; that need moisture yet inhabit arid regions; that are as innumerable as the sands of the desert, yet de-sex themselves voluntarily; that feed exclusively on cellulose though they cannot digest it; that have solved chemical and biological problems which still baffle man; that, with no more material than grains of sand and drops of liquid excrement, erect dwellings recalling age-worn cathedrals against which hatchet steel is impotent and only dynamite successful.

In this grim Utopia of efficiency are three distinct classes: workers, soldiers, reproducers. The workers are

* "The Life of the White Ant." By Maurice Maeterlinck. 6s. (Allen & Unwin.)

stone blind, have no weapons, no wings, no sex. They alone are able to eat, and that because they entrust the process of digestion to thousands of protozoa which inhabit the stomach. These parasites digest the cellulose, die and are digested by the termites. The entire labour of reproduction rests on a melancholy pair, ironically labelled King and Queen, cabled for life in an oblong cell after having deprived each other of their wings. The Queen lays on an average an egg a second, day and night, unceasingly. Thirty million eggs a year. For four or five years. The moment her fecundity dwindles, an order goes forth, she is deprived of nourishment, she starves to death, placidly, and her corpse is eaten by her murderers. Yet these termites have attained a prodigious polymorphism. Did we know what they know, we could produce at will athletes, heroes, workers, thinkers.

The soldiers also are blind. Each is provided with a chitin-armoured head portentously developed and provided with mandibles that exceed in bulk the rest of the body. Only the head is armoured; the rest is soft and vulnerable, so that the warrior always faces the foe. Should the enemy gain entrance to the citadel, the soldiers hold up the invaders as best they can while the workers wall up every opening behind them. A termite Thermopylae. As a rule the warrior class forms one-fifth of the population. When it exceeds this proportion, the "unknown power" which rules the community—and which must be good at arithmetic—causes almost as many to perish as have been imported. They are not massacred. The workers simply do not feed them, and they die.

This "unknown power" is the mystery of mysteries. What it is, where it resides, what form it takes, what it portends, none can say. Maeterlinck sees a kinship to it in the force which governs the cells of the human body without human intervention. In his later chapters he goes much further and asks if we must not look upon this apparently soulless community as a prophetic vision of man's future. Communism, the division of labour, the monotony of the machine, the subordination of sex—these are but pointers to an ideal which, seemingly, has been achieved in the case of the termite. On the surface an appalling ideal. But we cannot judge; we see only with the imperfect vision of the present.

The first half of the book enralls, grips and staggers with its undeniable facts; the second half does likewise with its postulations and thought-evoking problems. I have attempted the impossible in the space at my command. I return to my opening impression and doubt whether anything more incredibly profound has been placed before us.

W. R. CALVERT.

LHASA.*

For a European lady to succeed in crossing Tibet from Mongolia, through Lhasa, to British India, is no small accomplishment. Madame David-Neel, who is French, is the first white woman who has ever entered the "Forbidden City." In her narrative of the adventure, "My Journey to Lhasa," she expresses the opinion that it is not so much the Tibetan as the British Government which is responsible for the closing of Tibet to Europeans, whether explorers, scientists, or traders. This view is shared by others who have attempted to travel in that country, desirous of reaching Lhasa. Be that as it may, Madame David-Neel refused to be deterred, as she says, by "the commands of a few Western politicians."

She had made several previous journeys into Tibet, once succeeding in penetrating from India as far as Shigatsé, the seat of the Tashi Lama. This was after an interview she had with the Dalai Lama at the time when he fled into Sikkim to evade the Chinese in 1912. But she was compelled to return, and to leave the country, by the British Indian Government. Subsequently she spent

* "My Journey to Lhasa." By Alexandra David-Neel. 21s. (Heinemann.)

some years in Kumbum, on the Mongolian border of Tibet. Here she learned the language more perfectly, and made excursions into the Koko Nor area of Tibet. But, she tells us, her movements were carefully watched, and the Lhasa authorities were warned not to allow her to proceed to the capital.

Having adopted a young Tibetan lama as her son, Madame David-Neel disguised herself as a poor pilgrim, and together the "mother and son" set forth on their arduous and dangerous enterprise. How they evaded suspicion, living the life of the common people, encountering brigands, often in peril from wild beasts and wilder storms, is set forth in detail in this fascinating book.

The lama of course received the consideration due to his priestly calling, but Madame David-Neel, by assuming the rôle of *sangs yums*, or initiated wife of a black *nagspa*, a dreaded kind of sorcerer, was altogether too formidable a person even for brigands to interfere with! Thus they reached their goal, Lhasa, at the time of the New Year festivities.

The description of the country adds somewhat to our knowledge of the wild and desolate areas traversed, but not nearly so much as would have been the case had the two adventurers been able to take a few scientific instruments with them, other than a compass and a camera. But this they were unable to do lest these should have led to their discovery.

Lhasa *en fête*, when the city is full of holiday crowds, and the Dalai Lama sets forth in ceremonial procession, is a sight worth seeing, which few Europeans, certainly no other European lady, have ever seen. Madame David-Neel's description of it is vivid and picturesque.

From Lhasa, the pilgrims continued their way safely and easily to Gyantse, and so down into British India and Calcutta.

J. E. ELLAM.

BREATH-LENGTH IN POETRY.*

The "swallow-flights of song" which had all but monopolised English poetics tend to make way for the current fashion of long-distance aviation. Recently we have had a number of long poems written for the most part by women and sustaining to book length the emotional interest and beauty of diction which are the basic essentials of good poetry. Violet Sackville-West's "The Land" and Ethel Manning-Saunders's "The City" come to mind in this connection. Now Elizabeth Manning gives us this poem of "Willie Lamberton," and again it is a fine performance. It is not free from faults, chief among which is a lowering occasionally of the narrative style, already on the borders of simplicity, so that it becomes submerged in what Miss Edith Sitwell would term "village idiocy." In compensation however we have passages of great beauty in this narrative of the farmer's son who was strongly akin to the ruined homestead his father had given him.

"The house is small as well could be
The chimney's like a castle tower
With long fringy grasses crowned
The kitchen is a leafy bower,
And Willie's like a slender tree
With brambles growing all around."

Of how love came and went in Willie's life, leaving only a desolation brooded over by false friendship and false love, and of how Willie won back to faith through his sister Monica's faith in him, is the narrative Elizabeth Manning recites so well. The ending, where Willie stands in his still unbuilt house and for a moment the pageant of his little world passes through his mind beautified by the beauty of its own being, is indeed lovely. One is minded a little of Stevenson's "Will o' the Mill," but it is probably the chance analogy of name and of that philosophy of non-possession. I hope "Willie Lamberton" is another portent that the long poem is coming into favour again.

* "Willie Lamberton." By Elizabeth Manning. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)—"The Festival." By W. H. Williams-Treffgarne. 3s. 6d. (Selwyn & Blount.)

The drawbacks of the more usual book of short lyrical pieces are manifest in such a volume as Mr. Williams-Treffgarne's "The Festival." There is a lack of unity, a continual change of mood, of theme, of method, which causes the individual pieces to compete each with each like pictures badly hung in a gallery. That there are charming things in it is without question, but they seem hardly to belong to one book. Here translations from the Greek stand cheek by jowl with an amusing trifle about the navy who, arrived in heaven,

"did not sing or sup:
Damn it, he found a pick at last
And dug the pavements up."

Fancies in the vein of de la Mare tread upon the heels of narratives which are more reminiscent of Alfred Noyes.

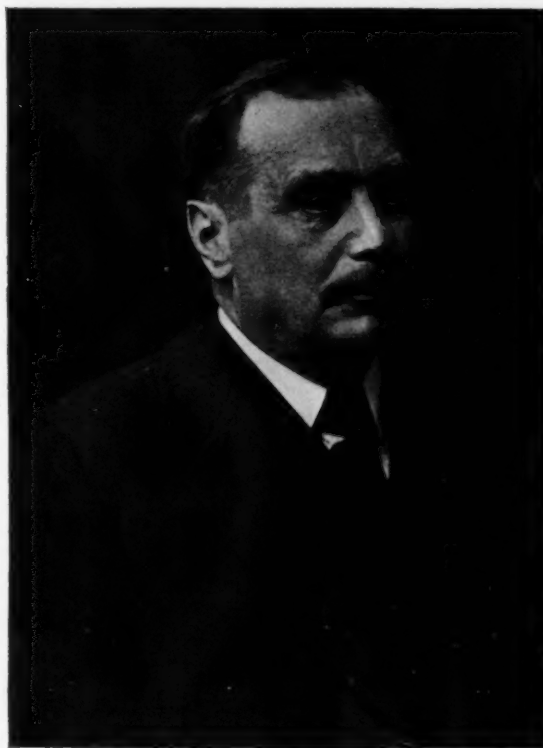


Photo by Russell, London.

Mr. H. G. Wells.

This is not to say that Mr. Williams-Treffgarne directly derives from these other poets, but so far he has not found an individuality strong enough to stamp his coinage with his own indisputable image.

HORACE SHIPP.

MR. WELLS'S STORIES.*

One of Mr. Wells's short stories, here collected into a volume that is, to say the least, a triumph of cheap printing, has for title "The Door in the Wall." On the dust-cover his publishers have described it as an "Intimation of Beauty." The ambiguous phrase intrigued me. I did not know the story. So I read it, disregarding those many familiar stories—like "The Time Machine," "The Plattner Story," "The Stolen Baccilus" and "The Purple Pileus"—that have won popularity as typical instances of this author's work.

Wallace was a little boy, living in Kensington, when he first saw that inviting green door in the wall. He entered, and found himself in a great garden. There were flowery walks there; and panthers that purred as he stroked them; and a beautiful girl who kept him delightful company; and a sombre woman in a purple robe, who

* "The Short Stories of H. G. Wells." 7s. 6d. (Benn.)

read to him from a book, in whose living pages he saw himself. In due course he went home, told of his glowing adventure, and was soundly whipped for telling lies. . . . The next time he saw the mysterious door was while he was on his way to school. But he didn't enter. Instead, he boasted of the garden that he knew lay beyond. His schoolfellows bullied him into taking him there; and when they arrived of course there was no garden, no door even. . . . Later, crowned with scholarships, he went up to the university. On his way thither he saw the door again, out of the cab window. But the scholarships beckoned and he forbore to ask the cabman to stop. . . . Fame came to him then, he was soon a politician of note. One day, at a government crisis, he saw the door again. But he remained to vote. "I have made a great sacrifice," he told the whip. "They all have," came the matter-of-fact reply. . . . Then at last, his body was found at the bottom of a shaft that had been dug in connection with an extension of the Kensington railway. Protecting it was a hoarding, entered by a little green door, which someone had carelessly left open.

This is how Mr. Wells concludes his allegory:

"I am more than half convinced that he had, in truth, an abnormal gift, and a sense, something—I know not what—that in the guise of wall and door offered him an outlet, a secret and peculiar passage of escape into another and altogether more beautiful world. At any rate, you will say, it betrayed him in the end. But did it? There you touch the inmost mystery of these dreamers, these men of vision and imagination. We see our world fair and common, the hoarding and the pit. By our daylight standard he walked out of security into darkness, danger and death. . . . But did he see it like that?"

It is a magnificent story, magnificently told. It has a conviction and a vitality that never enter Mr. Wells's tales of the quasi-scientific, the romantically prophetic. It voices a spiritual regret old as man himself, and it voices that regret in a new and sincere and lovely allegory. Eagerly I turned to the other stories. Had I misjudged Mr. Wells? Were there more in this same vein? Yes, one or two I found, with hints of a similar "intimation of beauty." But nothing came near "The Door in the Wall." Nearest perhaps were two—"The Magic Shop" and "The Country of the Blind." For the rest, there was the familiar Wellsian paraphernalia of "stories of horror," "scientific romances," "prophecies," breathless peeps into a sensational future, and so on. The disappointment was keen that a writer, whose sensitiveness had been such that he could so clearly objectify one of man's deepest and most poignant longings, could choose to spend his art upon the superficial, the merely startling. For even the poorest of his stories shows a sureness of technique, a persuasiveness, and a dramatic ability that are often astounding. Must all this, then, be used to further such a trivial end? Of all the media of the literary craft, the short story most readily lends itself to high purposes: at its best it may reach a level not far below the level of poetry itself—as "The Door in the Wall" sufficiently proclaims.

I could hardly help it, therefore, if a pertinent suspicion thrust itself into my mind. Was there something deeply, if subconsciously, autobiographical in this particular story, this particular theme? Has Mr. Wells seen the little green door and yet dared, so far, to scorn it in favour of the counter enticements of fame, success, popularity?

But perhaps, at this particular moment, it would be churlish to complain. The Door still stands open! And, anyway, in this goodly volume there are fine stories enough for anyone. More than sixty of them for seven-and-sixpence! Three ha'pence for "The Door in the Wall"!

C. HENRY WARREN.

OUR COCKNEY ANCESTORS.*

This is a very interesting attempt to recapture the London atmosphere of a past day from the time of Chaucer to that of Pope. The author has realised that to obtain

* "Our Cockney Ancestors." By Kenneth Hare. 15s. (Ernest Benn.)

a correct picture of the various periods a record of the doings of historic figures or even of those whose names may not have descended to us, but who took a not unimportant part in the carrying on of the country, is necessary; although he does not ignore these, as witness his imaginary epistle from Sir Thomas Wyatt, the poet, to Anthony Wyndygate, then studying art at Padua. Thus we have, through the supposed medium of a friend's dream, the experiences of a traveller, who awakes in his bed at the Tabard (*temp.* Richard II), and are told how he slept, what the adornments of his chamber were like; how he took his morning bath and the dress he donned, from his cap and his gloves (although one had always imagined gloves to be, in England at least, a luxury to come considerably later) to his stockings and his boots. He learns some facts, not generally known, as the saying is, about Chaucer and his royal patrons; and he perambulates the streets of a then exiguous London, and notes the number of hostelries existing there, and all the rest of it.

In the days of Henry V we go on a pilgrimage with a Londoner, and find ourselves rather wondering in a Venice which (see the illustration taken from Breydenbach's "Journey to the Holy Land," 1483-4) was not so architecturally different from the exquisite city of our own days; and finally we reach the Holy Land with our staff, scrip and bottle-bearing pilgrim.

Sir Thomas Wyatt writes to his friend of royal happenings, and Anne Boleyn and the unfortunate Katherine and the bluff straddling Defender of the Faith himself swim into our ken, with the potent Cardinal in the background working his puppets. Incidentally too we obtain a vision of the London of those days as it prepared itself to celebrate one of the much-married king's nuptials. And so on through the city of Shakespeare's day, with Cheapside full of booths and the river covered with the gaily ornamented barges of the nobles.

One chapter is headed "A Man About Town Three Centuries Ago." Now this taken literally would roughly indicate the beginning of the reign of Charles I, so that to describe a room hung with a picture by Lely (who first came to England in 1641), and a chimney piece carved by Grinling Gibbons (who was not born till 1648) seems somewhat of an anachronism. But by "three centuries ago," the author evidently intends a wider reading of the words, for we are suddenly confronted with Mr. Pepys, and a page or two on find ourselves with Sedley and Rochester, and all the rest of them. We are therefore prepared to find that the "Nickers" and "Scourers" and "Mohocks" are making night dangerous and hideous, and the Middletons and Stewarts and Gwynnes are beautifying the court and scandalising a much tried people.

We come at last to the eighteenth century (with the almost inevitable view of Vauxhall as it was in the year of grace 1751), with all its now so well known accompaniments, from hoops and lute strings and clouded canes, to a glimpse of Mr. Gibbon and the superlative Earl; and a background of Ranelagh and Squire Bramble in a fury of contempt at the sophistication of the place.

The value of such a book as this is that it affords us a vivid picture of the life of periods so remote as those of mediæval times and those of Georgian days. There are who may not always regard the method here employed of visualising such past epochs as altogether satisfactory. Those to whom when reading such pages there arise in the mind's eye all sorts of personages and incidents which it might be thought should have had their appointed places in the pageant. It is not difficult to add to a writer's results in this way. But only those who have worked on such fields of investigation realise how much care and study is necessary to the furnishing of such word pictures of periods so diverse in their characteristics, and so different in their outlook on life. A line of allusion means often enough a vast amount of research, and Mr. Kenneth Hare has here shown that he possesses the art of throwing himself into a remote age, and in evolving a word picture which brings that age vividly before us.

The author himself is fully alive to the difficulty of his task and indeed says that no apology should be needed for a book on these lines. He quotes, as proofs of the vagueness with which people visualise bygone days, one or two anecdotes in his introductory chapter; but one can only hope that the lady who showed him a coin dated 1602 as a "Regency piece," was an exception—people cannot as a whole be as ill-informed as that. It is almost as bad as giving to Praed a couple of lines which belong to Austin Dobson.

E. BERESFORD
CHANCELLOR.

HENRY WILSON.*

Henry Wilson came of English stock, tracing his ancestry back to a certain John Wilson who landed in the suite of King William III at Carrickfergus in the year 1690. Until the time of Henry Wilson's grandfather the family was entirely connected with Ulster, particularly with Belfast; but early in the nineteenth century judicious purchases of property made that member of the family a landed proprietor in Leinster. How far the late field-marshal can properly be described as an "Irishman" is therefore a question not easy to decide. Be this as it may, whether through intermarriage, environment or association, Henry Wilson possessed to the full many Irish qualities. He had the whimsical humour, the ready wit, the nimble brain and the persuasive tongue. He had too a *flair*, and something more, for politics. And he had an impatient dislike for committees, councils and assemblies, which shaded off into positive hatred for jack-in-office mediocrity. He had vision; although this faculty was perhaps characterised rather by rapidity of perception than by accuracy of prediction, and was blurred by a frequent inability to distinguish between an axiom and a theorem. These are traits often shown by those born on the other side of St. George's Channel. To them Henry Wilson added ambition and unflinching courage. He had magnetism—a "way with him"—and, above all, personality. He had no axe to grind and no one ever conceived Wilson as anything but "straight."

* "Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, Bart., G.C.B., D.S.O.: His Life and Diaries." By Major-General Sir C. E. Callwell, K.C.B., with an introduction by Marshal Foch. £2 2s. (Cassells.)

Although he failed again and again for admission to the Army, Henry Wilson lived to become Commandant of the Staff College. In that position he proved a conspicuous and outstanding success, and during his tenure of office he made the acquaintance of his opposite number in the corresponding seminary in France—the present Marshal Foch. The acquaintance ripened into intimacy with the happiest results for both countries. Wilson's *magnum opus* in peace time was done, however, when he was Director of Military Operations in the years just before the war. He accompanied Sir John French in 1914 as sub-Chief of the General Staff. When Sir A. Murray's health broke down Wilson was put forward for C.G.S. but the appointment was vetoed owing to the candid expressions of opinion by Wilson at the time of the Curragh incident in the previous year. He was then appointed chief liaison officer with the French; later commanded a corps; was a Military Member of the Supreme War Council; and in 1918 succeeded Sir William Robertson as Chief of the Imperial Staff at the War Office.



Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson.

(From a painting by Oswald Birley.)

From "Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, Bart., G.C.B., D.S.O.: His Life and Diaries" (Cassells.)

The biography is based very largely on the diaries which Wilson kept for nearly thirty years. The posts he held during the war brought him much in contact with notabilities and gave him free access behind the scenes. He wielded a caustic pen and his comments are pungent and direct. Two impressions will be made upon the reader: the first that we were much nearer to disaster in the spring of 1918 than was generally realised at the time. The second is that Cabinets are composed of distressingly ordinary people. Any lingering belief in the superstition that we are governed by supermen will be effectually blasted by these volumes. Reading of the shifts, the evasions, the procrastinations, the orders, the counter-orders, the hesitations, and at times the downright refusal to face a situation at all, one is irresistibly reminded of "Haste to the Wedding." Mr. Maguire, market gardener, with his incessant "Foodle, it's off"; "Foodle, my boy, she's yours" would have found himself in congenial company in Downing Street.

In some respects it is perhaps unfortunate that the diaries are so largely drawn upon. The entries were often

made hurriedly; obviously when Wilson was physically and mentally exhausted; and admittedly, on occasions, when he was irritated to exasperation at the adoption of a policy of which he did not approve. No one could draw up a more reasoned or more lucid appreciation or memorandum than could Wilson. As a clear and persuasive lecturer he had a reputation throughout the Army. His diary, on the other hand, is merely a record of momentary impressions and should not in fairness be used as a touchstone of his infallibility. Nevertheless there is interest in the following—not from a diary but an extract from a letter to his wife. Wilson is speaking of the New—or “Kitchener”—Armies and he writes under date of 15th September, 1914:

“Under no circumstances can these mobs being now raised, without officers and N.C.O.s, without guns, rifles or uniforms, without rifles or training grounds, without supply or transport services, without *moral* or tradition, knowledge or experience, under no circumstances could these mobs take the field for two years. . . . Lord Kitchener’s ridiculous and preposterous army . . . is the laughing stock of every soldier in Europe.”

Alas for Wilson as a prophet, and well for England, these mobs, this preposterous army, this laughing-stock of Europe were winning their spurs before half the two years had expired! And before the period closed they had earned for themselves on the Somme that immortality which evoked the noble eulogy by Mr. Churchill in his latest volume.

Nor was Wilson much of a seer in the question as to what influence tanks were exerting and would exert upon the war. The introduction of this weapon which revolutionised warfare on the Western Front seems to have left him cold. Indeed the only reference we can find in the two volumes to these fighting machines is an entry of February, 1918: “But we decided to go on with the tanks, which I think on the whole was wise.” There are however very many references to the old system “Killing Boches”—*anglice* killing fifty per cent. more of English boys of 18½ by flinging them against barbed wire and machine guns. It is impossible to avoid the conviction that after 1916 Henry Wilson quite definitely took his stand with the old school.

Sir Charles Callwell knew Wilson intimately. He is one of the best living military writers. This biography is worthy of his reputation. The revelations of the muddles of the War and of the Peace make the book one of outstanding importance.

F. E. WHITTON, Lieut.-Col.

SEVEN DAYS WITH GOD.*

This phrase may seem at first sight to imply a very brief sojourn. But in the writer’s usage these seven days are seven days *per week*, and so the single hebdomad becomes an endless holiday—in the strict and derivative sense of that word.

This indeed is the brief which the author holds and from which he pleads with much forcefulness: that the truly spiritual life admits no frontiers either in its scope or in its calendar. In its deepest being the soul knows no other sovereign than God, and a renegade allegiance on Saturday in the counting-house is a treason which cannot but leave its smirch upon the soul, however spacious be the morrow’s obeisances before a shrine. The whole of experience is an arena wherein to serve the Invisible King, and the whole of time is the period of enlistment, the campaign admitting neither of furlough nor of discharge. There is no parcel of earth which is outside of the King’s realm, and no hour in the day when truancy is not a misdemeanour.

The task which the author of this book has set himself is to abolish false distinctions, and here is the first of them marked for his prey—the mischievous distinction between the sacred and the secular. It is no new thought, for a minor prophet among the Hebrews once wrote of a time when the very bells on horses’ harness as they jingled

* “Seven Days with God.” By Abraham Mitrie Rihbany. 7s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)

through Jerusalem should be as holy as the vessels on the altar. But the hoariness, even the triteness, of a true idea is, alas, no guarantee of its general acceptance, else were the world thornless long since; and Dr. Rihbany is not to be set aside as a mere echo of Zechariah, but hailed as one upon whom in our day the seer’s mantle has fallen. To the man who has found eye-salve for his blindness, there is of course no cleavage between the sacred and the secular. The commonplaces of jogtrot, workaday life may catch an iris glint upon them, if only they are handled with a consecrated cunning.

Another false distinction against which the author has a tilt is that between the natural and supernatural. Man in his naïve conceit labels the things-which-he-understands as “natural”; and the things which he has not yet been able to codify as “supernatural.” Lightning was once regarded as supernatural, yet it is now viewed as being as natural as the rolling of a stone down a hill. Acts of healing which were bruited as miracles in Capernaum are now done every day of the week in Harley Street. The world has a unified command, not a dual, still less a plural, control; and this command may be traced through the phenomena which are scheduled in our textbooks, no less than through the phenomena which are beyond our understanding.

A third distinction at which the author strives to deal a death-blow is that between our renderings respectively to God and to Cæsar. He points out that the simple remark of Jesus implying merely that he was not a political revolutionary and that men ought to pay their taxes, has been used as the basis for a monstrous dualism, whereby things have been put asunder that ought to be for ever indivisible. The political relationships of men are as much a vehicle of divine service as any mystical or devotional mood.

It is here that Dr. Mehlis finds point of contact with his brother theologian in the East. For according to the German professor religion is the outcome of a feeling of longing, a longing caused by the discrepancy between the circumstances of our present life and a wished-for state of things. His virile book† has now been brought within the scope of the English reader through an able translation in which a flexible vocabulary and a devotion to English idiom have defeated that stiltedness which makes so many English renderings such a weariness. Indeed there are many passages in “The Quest for God” which are pieces of noble English prose, and which give an artistic satisfaction in addition to performing their utilitarian function as a mirror for the thoughts of another mind.

KENNEDY WILLIAMSON.

EXCURSIONS AND ALARMS.*

Of the five books in this batch, four are straightforward (if such a word can be used in this connection), honest-to-goodness (another query) detective stories, with a generous supply of hair-raising escapes and escapades, while the fifth cannot claim to come within that circle, but is a good yarn of the Oppenheim order, of which more anon. Undoubtedly, by virtue of its amazing succession of almost unthinkable situations and its fertility in resource, “The Revenge of Fantômas”¹ has been placed first. The uncanny, eerie power of Fantômas, the Lord of Terror, the Prince and King of Criminals, who is so well known to all Mr. Allain’s friends, pervades the whole book; he is continually appearing and disappearing, scattering death and terror in his wake. Up against this we have the famous detective Juve (another well-tried friend) and his colleague

† “The Quest for God: An Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion.” By Georg Mehlis, D.Phil. Translated from the German by Gertrude Baker, B.A. (Williams & Norgate.)

¹ “The Revenge of Fantômas.” By Marcel Allain. 7s. 6d. (Stanley Paul.)—² “The Mixer.” By Edgar Wallace. 7s. 6d. (John Long.)—³ “The Queen’s Gate Mystery.” By Herbert Adams. 5s. 6d. (Methuen.)—⁴ “Moon of Madness.” By Sax Rohmer. 6s. (Cassells.)—⁵ “The Ex-Duke.” By E. Phillips Oppenheim. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Fandor. Their incredible feats of strength and endurance, their amazingly ready brains and unruffled placidity, are things to marvel at. So well matched are the chasers and the chased, right up to the crucial moment, it is a pretty even game, keeping the reader's enthusiasm well up to pitch.

Edgar Wallace has gone a step farther than the usual detective story. In "The Mixer" ³ he has given a crook who only robs crooks. Time after time we watch a successful coup, neatly planned and neatly carried out, but neater still is the relentless, inscrutable hand that always creeps in and removes the spoil. "The Mixer" is wily enough to know that once he gets away with it he is safe, for his victims cannot squeak. He is a cute, observant rogue, from whom one could pick up many points, but it is rather surprising to find him slip quite so easily as he does after his warning about maintaining silence out-of-doors—"you may disguise your face and your figure, but you cannot disguise your voice"—and two pages later finds him addressing a meeting called by the Brighton Brotherhood in the Park.

"The Queen's Gate Mystery" ³ gives excellent scope to that very entertaining and cavalier young lawyer, Jimmie Haswell, who with his six weeks' bride, Nonna, befriends Enid Cowley, the owner of the house of mystery in Queen's Gate. Enid had inherited this house with a small sum of money from her eccentric aunt, and soon after, rumours began to get around that there was a treasure hidden in it. The finding of a man's body there was the beginning of the trouble; he had, as Jimmie surmised, been murdered whilst in search of the treasure. From then on Jimmie, Nonna and Enid were busy warding off would-be purchasers and carrying out a thorough search. A delightful romance works its way through all the adventures, and no one could wish for a more gratifying culmination.

Trouble with a group of Communists is the principal interest in "Moon of Madness." ⁴ They were carrying on their intrigues in that lotus-eaters' paradise, Madeira, and were being stealthily run to earth by O'Shea—whose name was a slogan of power from Whitehall to Khatmandu. Nanette, a charming young girl, surrounded by admirers, meets O'Shea, and immediately their fates are closely interwoven. Nanette has an amazing amount of pluck and reliability, and she is continually playing a part which turns the balance in O'Shea's favour. Her daring exploits make as good reading as the romance which steadily grows between them.

The opening chapters of "The Ex-Duke" ⁵ give little idea of what follows. The Duke of Chatfield with his wife, son and daughter, had just scaled the hill of Pellini, in Central Italy, and were about to return, when a youth was seen praying apart, passing his last night in lonely vigil before passing into the monastery at daybreak. This youth some years later was found to be the real Duke of Chatfield, and was brought home to take up his proper position. He made generous allowance to his disinherited relatives but, apart from that, everything he did was contrary to expectation, in fact violently so. Without any counting of cost, he plunged into the wildest extravagances and gave full vent to the bitterness which he had been storing up all his life, against his father's memory. The idea is well carried out, with plenty of humour in the unusual situations to balance the bitterness.

THE WESTMINSTER ALICE.*

The publication of "The Westminster Alice" brings the tale of the collected works of "Saki" up to eight volumes. Being avowedly a parody, it is not one of Munro's most characteristic productions; he has allowed Lewis Carroll to guide his pen, and crossed his wit with the kindlier humour of his original. The result is a mongrel, half fierce, half gentle, yet not without an

* The Collected Works of "Saki"—"The Westminster Alice." Illustrated by Sir F. Carruthers Gould. 3s. 6d. (Bodley Head.)

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attractive individuality of its own; an individuality strengthened and completed by Gould's illustrations in the manner of Tenniel. They are well yoked, Munro and Gould, and their joint inventions are often very laughable; but the laugh is against persons and administrations, not against paradoxes of thought. From July, 1900, to January, 1902, they appeared in the *Westminster Gazette*, these brief trenchant episodes in which Lord Salisbury, Lord Lansdowne, Joseph Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour double and even treble the principal parts in Carroll's immortal fantasy. The main target of "Saki's" criticism was the conduct of the Boer War; and it was a labour of love for him (hating inefficiency as he did) to attribute the characteristic qualities of Alice's acquaintances—indolence, fatalism, perverse ingenuity and unreasoning activity—to the Ministers of the Crown.

"The wheels seem to get stuck," said the March Hare. "There is too much Irish butter in the works."

"Ruins the thing from a dramatic point of view," said the Hatter. "Too many scenes, too few acts."

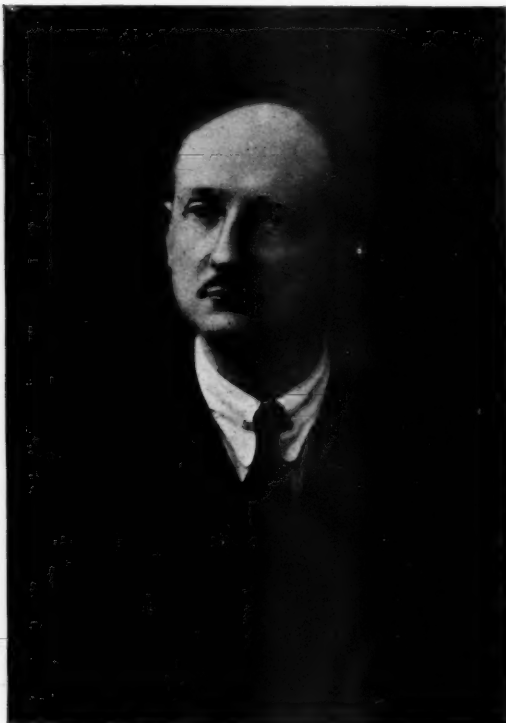
As Mr. J. A. Spender in his excellent introduction remarks, there is often no need to recover the political allusions; "The Westminster Alice" can and will be read for its own sake.

L. P. HARTLEY.

OUR MR. DORMER.*

No two subjects could seem more unlike than those of "The Spanish Farm" and of "Our Mr. Dormer." Yet the reader of "Our Mr. Dormer" will think inevitably of "The Spanish Farm" not only because Mr. Mottram must always be remembered as the author of that epic of the war. For there is here the wonderfully careful detail which in "The Spanish Farm" sometimes seemed irrelevant and yet never was, the same getting of effect without apparently any striving for effect. Mr. Mottram gives us facts without comment of his own. Things happen, and we see their effect on the characters shown more clearly than any comment could leave them. He is always sparing of words. Where another author might

* "Our Mr. Dormer." By R. H. Mottram. 7s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)



Mr. R. H. Mottram.

be tempted to linger, to make the most of some rare chance too good to be wasted, or perhaps not noticed sufficiently, Mr. Mottram gives us a few brilliant words and passes on. We learnt how well he could do that in "The Spanish Farm." We have here again the observation for the smallest detail that bewildered us in that. Mr. Dormer has beef for lunch, brown ruddy beef in plenty, and dumplings and gravy, potatoes and greens, cheese, a high golden loaf and fresh butter. This is not done to make us envious or hungry. It is merely an enormously important detail that goes to make up the whole. For this is a story of plenty and of Peace, such a story as has perhaps never before been written. And as such it has a very important bearing on "The Spanish Farm." One remembers a phrase and one gives it—following Mr. Mottram's example—without comment which could only make it less telling. "The gentlest upbringing in the world." We understand Skene better when we have read "Our Mr. Dormer."

More than that. It may be that as many generations that never knew the Great War will read the truest picture of it in "The Spanish Farm," so another generation that never knew the Great Peace will read of it in "Our Mr. Dormer." For this is truly a book of Peace, such Peace as nobody now under twenty-five years of age has dreamed of; and the effect of Peace seen in the care of the individual, as in "The Spanish Farm" we had the effect of War.

It is the story of the slow building up of a banking firm with all that Quaker business stood for in England from 1813 to the end of the century. The atmosphere of "Our Mr. Dormer" (and it is not for nothing that Mr. Mottram makes his banking firm a Quaker one) is one of uninterrupted peace. There were indeed wars in Europe in the early part of the century, but they did not disturb the peaceful progress of Doughty's.

There is in the end of the book a more disturbing War in Europe, and it is the twentieth century now, and we recognise "our" Mr. Mottram again. Again the swift keen vision for things we might all have seen, but which somehow passed us by. The invasion of Doughty's by young women who gained strength as the men lost it, is only one of them.

But it is the closing chapter. That long period of peace is at an end. Mr. Dormer, one feels, died with it. His portrait may hang in a museum, but it is no longer alive. We go back to the Skenes and Earnshaws of "The Spanish Farm" understanding them fully at last.

PETER DEANE.

DIFFERENT POETS.*

Mr. Sherard Vines was one of the contributors to "Wheels," that militant annual of verse which lived a short and merry life about a decade ago. Since then some of his colleagues in that venture have been much in the public eye. Mr. Aldous Huxley, deserting poetry for prose, has won a deserved distinction in the more popular medium. The three Sitwells have continued to jingle their bells, exchanging mockery for mockery with the world, until the world, or the thinking fraction of it, has been forced to acknowledge that for all their mockery and motley they are real musicians. Mr. Vines has been less conspicuous, but has remained a poet; and now presents us with a small book of verse of which the preface is dated at Tokyo.

Probably the historian of our literature, intent on convenient categories, will put him in the same chapter as the Sitwells. He has their delight in the brightly concrete and in the unexpected analogy, and a humour akin to theirs.

"Is this the prince in morning julep
washing plump fingers and his dewlap
cambricked and diamonded and warm

* "The Pyramid." By Sherard Vines. 5s. (Cobden-Sanderson.)—"The City." By Ruth Manning Sanders. 6s. (Benn.)—"Storm-Wrack, and Other Poems." By James A. Mackereth. 6s. (John Lane.)

with evocative May's vague promptings to break in gushes as of lute strings sleeping beauty's membranous charm?"

But he has a marked individuality of his own, an attitude towards life and a sense of beauty which are quite personal. Pure beauty wells suddenly out of strangeness, as in such lines as:

"When the kingfisher's wing
Trailed blue and green across the pool
You ruffled the dim water
That slept in the well of my heart."

He is inclined to pessimism and is a very modern pagan, and, like others of his generation, a bitter satirist of war—"Mars wearing ass's ears." Perhaps his combination of qualities may best be found in "The Willow."

A very different kind of poetry is to be found in "The City," by Ruth Manning Sanders. We are told that "a distinguished critic of poetry who read this manuscript said of it that if a collection were made of the dozen best long poems written in English in the last thirty years this would be sure of a place." He might have been less cautious in appraisal, for to be able to tell a story well in verse is one of the rarest of gifts, and Miss Sanders certainly has it. If at times she reminds one of Masfield, and more often of Chaucer, that is but to say that she stands in a fine tradition. Her story is of Christ returned to earth, riding on His little ass; of how, hearing the complaint of a poor woman, He promises to build a beautiful city on a hill where all shall be happiness and prosperity; of how a builder accepts the contract and runs up a sort of Wembley on land of his own, thinking to deceive Jesus by fine appearances; of how a famous artist is ready to decorate the city—but to his own glory rather than God's; and of how the city is at last achieved. This is a very inadequate outline of a curiously moving poem, written with humour, beauty and a beautiful simplicity. The sureness of Miss Sanders's handling can only be displayed in a longish quotation.

"Now at the time Moll ran with so much sweat
Out of the glade to tell whom she had met,
Lord Jesus and the little ass were gone
Along the high-road where like gold it shone
Spanning the hills, far looking up and down
Through moors and hamlets to a distant town,
Set in a bay with ships in miniature
And pygmy domes and roofs all glittering clear.
The little ass with grave discretion
Stepped daintily and bore Lord Jesus on,
Till to a down-hill corner drawing near,
Around the bend they heard hullabaloo
And in the dip they met a shabby crew—
Labourers with tar in pans and engine gear
For crushing stones and men building a wall
Which now half builded up seemed nigh to fall.
The little ass stood still and turned an ear
Toward the horses slipping with their load,
Snuffled the fume furnaces that glowed
Under the tar pans, sneezed and sidled back,
Vexed for that road now changed from gold to black.
Till by the hedge he found a grassy track,
And there well pleased cropped the young spring furze,
While Jesus watched those shabby labourers."

Among the flowing decasyllables some delicately wrought lyrics are interspersed.

In "Storm-Wrack" Mr. James Mackereth has made poetry out of the tragedy of the Brontës, telling of the hag-ridden Branwell carousing in a tavern and of the devoted Emily groping through the tempestuous night to bring him home. His method is the dramatic-lyrical, highly wrought and lurid.

"Flame-lit is the driving sky:
The moorlands, wheeling after,
Seem through the night to fly,
Swart-winged, with a fiend's laughter.
Crash. As the moortop rocks
There's a glow at the Bull Inn door,
A horrible laugh that mocks;
Then blackness wild as before.
And, heard 'neath the tempest's shuddering shocks,
A clear voice pleads once more,
Pleads 'gainst a maniac's dread:
The words of her woe like chaff
And snatched from her lips and wantonly spread
On the world's laugh!"

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SIR EDMUND GOSSE, C.B.,

in *The Sunday Times*:

"Every one who has the interests of English literature at heart must rejoice that a leading firm of publishers has had the courage to face the enterprise of a complete collection of the works of Walter Savage Landor. Alone, among the masters of a hundred years ago, he has waited for this tribute to his genius. His writings are very numerous and of various quality, but none are without some touch of himself which demands perpetuity. Landor has been found a difficult author by the general reader, and he does not go out of his way to attract an audience. Hence, while the imperious magic of his prose and the delicacy of some of his verse have always been the delight of his votaries, these have been few. Perhaps, in the advancement of taste, their circle has widened. He had an immense belief in his own vocation. The editor of the new collection appreciates the responsibility of his task, and is well aware both of its difficulty and of its reward. His skill will overcome the first, and I cannot believe that the reading public will grudge him the second. "The publishers have done well to entrust this great work to Mr. Welby, who is an independent and courageous critic, and one who has shown himself admirably acquainted with English poetry. He has had the help of Mr. T. J. Wise, whose famous library is open to him, and of Mr. Stephen Wheeler, the life-long Landorian expert. He could not be better equipped."



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It may be that Mr. Mackereth does not always distinguish too nicely between drama and melodrama, but on the whole this is an effective poem, showing a true sense of tragedy. It conveys, as do many of the pieces which follow, the spirit of the bleak, lonely, wind-swept moors, which Mr. Mackereth knows also in gentler moods.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.*

In his latest novel Mr. Warwick Deeping gives us a simple love story, but something more—a study of mother-love soured by narrow pride of caste and possessiveness. "Kitty" is a well planned and even thrilling narrative. There is a generous measure of contrast, character, incident with all the accustomed graces of a good novelist. Occasionally it is true he steps aside to club a species he detests, to wit, "suppressionists." His heroine, Kitty Greenwood, is the daughter of an East End doctor whose widow runs an amazing tobacconist's shop near Piccadilly in war time. The book is very rich in loving descriptions of lower middle-class lives, but of them all the picture of Mrs. Sarah Greenwood is the most vivid. To her shop comes Alex St. George, a very sensitive plant, with a mamma, steel-spined and jealous. Alex, on the eve of war service, falls in love and is married secretly to Kitty. A shell reduces him to a paralysed wreck. How Kitty fights for her man against heavy odds is best told in Mr. Warwick Deeping's ample pages. As they have already exhausted several impressions, his admirers will not need to hear his praises. Those however who come new to this author will be rewarded by something on the large scale, never dull, always healthy, poignant and very human.

Miss Romer Wilson in "Greenlow" combines an unusual love interest with the sheltered life of a Derbyshire village. We meet Jillian Holt, owner of White Cottage in the valley with as wild a heart as the heroine; her sister Minnie, more demure, some half-dozen country folk placed in fields and woods beneath steep hills. This background is sketched with charm and sincerity, while the dialogue, rural and otherwise, is lively. Jillian sets Greenlow agog with her unconventional ways. In short she dares to change her mind. A harum-scarum, she shocked the villagers when a dashing but worthless lover periodically wooed and as periodically disappeared on his red motor-bike. John Wetherford, novelist, with nine hundred a year, visits Greenlow and restores peace. He wins Jillian and buys off the ne'er-do-well Jim, who vanishes for good. Jillian, knowing John is the better man, continues to dream pleasantly betimes of Jim. Miss Romer Wilson makes a remarkable success out of it all.

DESMOND RYAN.

AN AMAZING ADVENTURER †

I have never heard or read of anyone quite like Captain John Smith. But it is an unhappy fact that there is more in fame—even the fame which outlives a generation—than in sheer merit. Moreover Smith lived in the spacious century of Elizabeth, and Drake, and Hawkins, and Raleigh, and Shakespeare. There was no lack of contemporary genius in a country aflame with the destiny of England. It is also possible the claim of John Smith has suffered alike from the modesty of his name and nature. Whatever the Elizabethans lacked it was not a mean opinion of their place upon the stage of history. They lived like Shakespeare in a theatre, and played to posterity with both grace and solid achievement to back them. But John Smith was of another type—even another age. He was not haunted by a sense of prestige or public honour, or the ultimate recognition of time. He revelled in the

* "Kitty." By Warwick Deeping. 7s. 6d. (Cassells.)—
"Greenlow." By Romer Wilson. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

† "Captain John Smith." By E. Keble Chatterton. 12s. 6d. net. (Bodley Head.)

chances and changes of life, and at the end only counted the hardships. His motto was *Vincere est vivere*, true and honest like himself. But after the turmoil of life he wrote:

"If in or outward you be bound
doe not forget to sound
Neglect of that was cause of this
to steare amisse."

With these sad words consider how far Smith "steered amisse" compared to any other man in our knowledge. He was born in 1580, eight years before Drake shattered the Armada in the supreme age of adventure. At sixteen he set out upon his travels. He visited London, Orleans, Paris, Rouen, Havre, the Low Countries, and was both with the French and Dutch armies within a year in an age when means of transport was notoriously difficult. He went abroad again and travelled about Europe, and at the age of twenty-one achieved his first ambition of fighting the Turks. There is no question that before the two contending armies he met and killed in single combat three Turkish champions in three contests, a deed sufficient—one would have imagined—to excite a legend. But Smith is an unfortunate name in great romance. I attribute the comparative obscurity of this very exceptional man to the fact that his father was not called Burleigh or Hardacre or some other fit name for a poet's Muse.

Shortly afterwards Smith was taken prisoner by the Turks and became a slave. "Chained by the neck to nineteen hundred other prisoners this was how the enthusiasts for travelling first sighted Constantinople's minarets." A lady called Tragabazzanda took a liking to him. She sent him to her brother, a pasha who ruled territory near the Black Sea. This personage treated Smith so badly that one day he beat out his brains with a threshing bat, borrowed his clothes—which were now of no further service to him—and galloped away. The action may seem hasty, but after all it was destined he should found Virginia. Travelling through Russia, Smith passed through Hungary and reached home. As Mr. Chatterton observes—if a twentieth century Englishman had enjoyed half his experiences how he would have filled his lecture hall!

The hunger for the New World had always obsessed Smith, and fired by the dream of El Dorado he collected a crew and set sail. It has always been a kindly tradition nourished by hearty juvenile fiction that the Elizabethans were one and all just like the chorus in "Merrie England." As a matter of truth one is dismayed by the disloyalty, gross treachery, avarice and general futility of the pioneers who accompanied Smith. The greatest but the least recognised of all the hardships of men of action is the burden of those they must carry with them. It is said the crew nearly killed Columbus. It is a fact that repeatedly Smith's trusted officers played him false. His equanimity was astonishing. He preserved with Red Indians, Turks, Englishmen, Dutchmen—all men—a sleepless vigilance. Expecting nothing he risked all. He was captured by Redskins when his companions were slain, and—dragged before their chief—won a respite by his habitual phlegm. "I presented him with a compasse diall," he wrote, and entertained him suavely with a discourse on the moon!

But it took a woman in the famous Pocohontas, daughter of an Indian chief, to save his scalp. Pocohontas, who was only a child, did not marry Smith as some have said, but a Captain Rolfe, and died at Gravesend in 1617.

The story of Smith's struggles to maintain the indolent, treacherous colonists of Jamestown is a melancholy instance of human ingratitude and spite. Even on a sick-bed there were those who would have assassinated him, and eventually when the game was reckoned worth the candle he was superseded from England and ordered to return.

Were his adventures over? By no means. He planned "a plantation" in New England. The expedition started, was overcome by French pirates, and Smith captured. In hourly peril of death, the man who had once ruled Virginia kept his "perplexed thoughts from too much meditation of my miserable estate" by writing "A Description of New England"—a very admirable and important work.

Escaping in an open boat with his precious manuscript, he was befriended by yet another woman in Madame Chanoyes, and reached England. He was now only thirty-six, but had endured the trials and triumphs of a generation of other men.

His purpose now was to let the public know of Virginia's "faire and good report." Undaunted by lack of money and support, he wrote what he was unable to perform. His "Generall Historie" consisted of six books. He was the main cause of the expedition of the *Mayflower* in 1620. In 1626 he published his classic, "An Accidence; or, The Pathway to Experience," the first book on seamanship.

On June 21st, 1631, he made his will, and at the early age of fifty-one, worn out with hardship and toil, died in the parish of St. Sepulchre in London. To the last he clung to the ideals of his motto—*Vincere est vivere. Accordamus.*

FREDERICK WATSON.

THE MAKING OF GERMANY.*

That these three plays, especially the third "Bismarck," should have been a success on the German stage is not surprising. They treat with liveliness, verisimilitude and occasionally real passion, persons and ideals on which the attention of the German people must needs be still anxiously fixed. Just as thoughtful people the world over are wondering whether the peoples of the Western nations made a great mistake when they adopted with whole-hearted enthusiasm the industrialisation and the capitalisation of society, so each nation which took part in that gigantic revolution has specific problems which cause discussion, meditation and frequently exacerbating argument. In Germany men are asking themselves whether the movement inaugurated by Frederick the Great, and brought to an apparent success by Bismarck, was or was not the triumph it seemed. Was the disaster of the Great War the natural conclusion of that policy, or was it in complete disaccord with it? Most outside observers are certain that German patience, German simplicity and German sincerity were abused by those who persuaded that most disciplined of people that their culture was one which was destined to be imposed, gently if possible, but at any rate imposed on the rest of Europe. It is difficult to feel certain of Mr. Ludwig's own position. He is obviously liberal, and he is apparently in favour of German unity; but he does not seem to have any firm opinions about the wisdom of expressing that racial unity by a political system. His Bismarck is a man who desires peace, who goes reluctantly though unrelentingly to war, and is obsessed by a fear of the French, which is really a tribute to that nation's almost mesmeric power of enforcing on others its own opinion of itself. That is France's special faculty. Somehow she persuades the rest of Europe to believe that she holds the final right of judging in fashion, in art, in thought; she imposes that conviction of hers even on the English, and there is not a nation in Europe from Iceland to the Crimea which is not ready to admit a great debt to French standards. Yet there is no reason why this tribute, willing or unwilling, should pass into the regions ruled by statesmen; and we can see the beginnings of the downfall of the German Empire in Bismarck's obstinate belief that France was, politically and nationally, a dangerous enemy.

The first play of this trilogy shows us Bismarck in 1862-64—the fatal years which saw the death of Lassalle, the aggressive war on Schleswig-Holstein and the beginning of the acknowledged supremacy of Prussia. The second play is the tragedy of Sedan. The third is the tragic farce of 1890 when William II abandoned the great Chancellor. The protagonist in all the plays is Bismarck; and Mr. Ludwig makes of him a plausible, affecting human figure. Yet he only does this by omitting a great deal. We hear little of the war with Austria and the disaster of Sadowa. We hear less of Bismarck's tacit agreement to the absurder theories of divine right. The most mysterious thing in

* "Bismarck: the Trilogy of a Fighter." By Emil Ludwig. 12s. 6d. (Putnam's.)

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recent history is the legend of William II. Almost everyone who came in contact with him must have known he was a braggart, vain, inordinately self-important, mischievously impulsive, disastrously incapable as a judge of character and the clumsiest diplomatist who ever held a pen in his hand. He enjoyed all the privileges of a monarch of the Middle Ages or the Renaissance; and his subjects had none of the equivalent rights. In any century up to the seventeenth William would have been assassinated or deposed; in his own he should have been treated as George III was treated, kept in quiet and dignified seclusion, for his technical sanity was far more mischievous than George III's imbecility. The great crime of the German people is that no one told the truth forcibly enough or persistently enough about the Emperor; and so far as the records go no one told the truth to him at all.

The third play of the trilogy is perhaps the most moving; but the second seems to me the most artistically satisfying. Mr. Ludwig treats Napoleon with candour and fairness, and his Eugénie is an excellent piece of theatrical characterisation. In the first play the intrusion of Lassalle and his love-story is a mistake. It adds to the melodramatic qualities of the drama, but is really extraneous to the idea of the trilogy. The translation is adequate—but why is the translator's name not given? There is a very useful appendix of historical notes on the chief persons given at the end of the volume.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

PRETTY CREATURES.*

Somewhere on the dust-cover this book is described as containing "six long short stories." Actually it contains five, of which only three can justify the description of "long short stories."



Photo by Raphael.

Mr. William Gerhardt.

Further, the collective title first makes its appearance, in large type, over the last of the five stories. And the whole book is not well printed.

All this is not quite so much beside the point as may at first seem. Mr. Gerhardt, as "the pet of the intelligentsia" (the epithet is Mr. Arnold Bennett's), has rather the manner of throwing his work at you, than of begging you to be so kind as to read it. Which is all perhaps just as it should be. Genius will not be beholden to us. And that Mr. Gerhardt has genius there is no shadow of a doubt. Two stories alone in this book would be sufficient to prove that: "A Bad End" and "The Big Drum." Each is written with an economy that is masterful; each widens out from its immediate implication and starts our imagination on an unending journey; and each is a triumph of quietly cumulative drama. The first concerns itself almost entirely with the last minutes of a man condemned to death. We know at once that there can be no escape; yet the excitement increases with every page of a *tour de force* that is spread over a length of time none but Mr. Gerhardt would have dared to attempt. The second concerns itself with the emotions of a young lady who is listening to the band playing upon the sea-front. Her lover wields the big drum. But in that particular number of the programme the composer has allowed him no more than an occasional bang or two. He smiles, idling. A poor fish! Oh, if only he might play the bassoon! Or the trombone! In

* "Pretty Creatures." By William Gerhardt. 6s. (Benn.)

vain the sun shines down. And then, with the next item, Otto comes into his own. He beats the drum, he thwacks it, he sets all the band throbbing. Her Otto! "She clutched at her heaving breast with trembling fingers. 'My love!' she thought. 'My king! My captain!'. . ." And this, for all its cynical flavour, is the most human note Mr. Gerhardt's book contrives.

It will be understood therefore that he is not going to be everybody's favourite. His creatures are too remote, too much like puppets dangling as he shakes them. Never do they obey any divine impulse, never does their blind sincerity evoke our wondering pity. Their author never interprets them; he is a showman first—and it must be confessed that his show is mighty slick and vastly amusing. But there come moments when we cry out against his inhumanity, wishing that all the milk of his human kindness were not quite so sour. In the larger scope of his novels we are not thus provoked; his beautiful understanding of little Natasha, in "The Polyglots," shows a really interpretive sympathy. But, let us hasten to repeat, the two stories we have singled out from this book make it a cherishable volume. Mr. Gerhardt maintains, in them, the promise that he is likely to become one of the few great story-tellers who have risen since the war.

C. H. W.

"F. E."*

One of the most remarkable men since Disraeli is Frederick Edwin Smith, Earl of Birkenhead. There is nothing he has attempted that he has not done superlatively well. At Oxford he greatly distinguished himself; at the Bar he acquired a great practice; in the House of Commons he with his maiden speech made an immediate success; in the House of Lords and the Privy Council his judgments are the admiration of even the most envious of his brother lawyers; as Secretary of State for India he has done wonders. Sighing for fresh worlds to conquer—he has now reached the immature age of fifty-five—he has taken to the writing of books; for which it is difficult to be sufficiently thankful. The volumes of which he is the author are not only invested with his breeziness, but impart to the reader his great erudition. His books are no mere *tour de force*; he writes of what he knows—and what does he not know? He is indeed a full man.

In "Law, Life and Letters" Lord Birkenhead is at his best. One of the greatest lawyers of his time, there is nothing pedantic about him. He talks at his desk as Dr. Johnson talked at the table; there is no subject upon which he is unable to talk, and better talk is not easily to be obtained.

In "Law, Life and Letters" Lord Birkenhead gives his views on innumerable matters. He discourses on the libel action brought by Captain Peter Wright against Lord Gladstone, and then gives his opinion on the vexed question as to what should be done when someone libels a dead man. He has something to say of Mr. Arnold Bennett and Mr. Wells; of Gladstone, with his sixty thousand "selected letters" preserved in the fire-proof room at Hawarden, written in his leisure hours, mostly when he was Leader of the House of Commons or Leader of the Opposition! of law and its costs; of breach of promise and divorce; of the 18th Brumaire. Enough has been said to give an idea of the range of these fascinating volumes.

The most interesting section in the book is that headed "Milestones of My Life." The first of these is his winning a classical scholarship at Wadham College, Oxford, without which he could not have afforded to have gone to the University. "I was to be educated side by side with those who were to be my rivals and competitors for the rest of my life," he writes. "They would enjoy no advantage social or educational which was denied to me. The field

* "Law, Life and Letters." By the Right Honourable the Earl of Birkenhead, P.C., D.L., D.C.L., LL.B., High Steward of Oxford University, Honorary Fellow of Wadham and Merton Colleges. In 2 vols. 42s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

thereafter was open to competition; and I felt confident that I was able to compete. . . . There have debated in the Oxford Union: Gladstone, Salisbury, Manning, Milner, Swinburne, Asquith, Curzon, and scores of others whose names are household words in statecraft, in letters and in theology." Young Smith decided to add his name to that distinguished list. His first speech established him as a debater of the first order, and not long after he was elected President of the famous society. That was the second milestone.

The third was when he met Joseph Chamberlain, then launching his campaign in favour of Tariff Reform.

"I was most clearly convinced that there was not the slightest chance in existing political circumstances of a tax on food being accepted by the nation. It might easily have been accepted if a reasonable treatment could have been expected from our opponents. Nothing in the history of those opponents (nor in our treatment of them) entitled us to expect the slightest mercy at their hands. And seeing these things with the confidence of youth (which later experience, I may add, has not greatly shaken), I ventured to say to Mr. Chamberlain, 'Cannot you postpone the proposal to tax food until a moment when we are politically stronger? Cannot you in the first place use the Protectionist argument, which has great value in the industrial constituencies, and postpone until we are stronger the full and ultimately indispensable programme?'"

It is not surprising that the statesman gently but firmly snubbed the young man. That evening however Smith spoke at a meeting, and after hearing him Chamberlain said that a safe seat ought to be found for him. "You will be returned to Parliament," said Chamberlain; "come up to me in the lobby of the House of Commons, and recall yourself to my imagination."

The fourth milestone was Smith's entry into Parliament. He realised that "politics means only the science of government"; and he wanted to measure himself, not only against the greatest lawyers, but also against all the great political gladiators of the day. "It is of course not less apparent that the most dazzling prizes of the profession fall to those who have proved alike their political and their legal efficiency," he says. "Except by strange and infrequently recurring chances, no man becomes Lord Chancellor who has not sat in the House of Commons."

Then came the maiden speech:

"When I rose to speak, the House was densely crowded," Lord Birkenhead records. "Not one in twenty had the slightest idea who I was. I had made up my mind that I would try a dazzling gamble. It seemed to me that my party was almost in despair. Never in its history had it sustained such a disaster at the polls. The swollen insolence and bad Parliamentary manners of the mammoth majority, which overflowed over four-fifths of the available sitting space, seemed to me to have asserted a depressing—almost a cowering—effect upon the tiny Conservative minority. I judged the occasion, therefore, inopportune for a very scientific or economic examination of the subject of debate. There was after all plenty of time for that. But I asked for no indulgence because I was making a maiden speech. The request for indulgence it seemed to me could only come gracefully from the lips which made a modest appeal, couched in uncontroversial language, and I had not it in my mind to make such an appeal. I spoke for sixty-five minutes, which I believe to be a record for a maiden speech; and I spoke with a degree of calculated and sustained insolence and sustained invective which I am quite sure has never been attempted before or since by one who addressed the House of Commons for the first time. As I drove down to the House of Commons with my wife I said, 'I shall either make a brilliant success or a greater failure than that of Disraeli.' Before I sat down it was obvious that it was a *tour de force*; that speech had at least, whatever its real merits, been a great success."

Lastly F. E. Smith, on his recall from France in May, 1915, became Solicitor-General in the Coalition Government, and within a few months, on the resignation of Carson, Attorney-General, with a seat in the Cabinet. After the Armistice election Lloyd George asked him to remain Attorney-General without a seat in the Cabinet. "I made it quite plain, almost in a sentence, that nothing would induce me to accept the office of Attorney-General upon this condition. And I added that I was in full sympathy with the Government, but that I was perfectly prepared to resume my practice at the Bar; and that I was sure I should be able to give him independent support from the back benches." As quick as lightning the Prime Minister



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Mrs. C. A. Nicholson is an able and imaginative writer. It is unfortunate that she has failed to write a satisfactory novel in "To Be a Lady." Dina Witcome, the ignorant country girl who desires to become a patrician, will not do at all. Her burnished red hair and her glorious skin will simply not atone for her exceeding and inexplicable snobbery. Mrs. Nicholson evidently regards Dina as a darling. She lavishes loving care on the girl's every expression and enunciation, but the impression left all the way through is that the young woman is a curious simpleton. It is believable that the romantic Jerry, who sings at drapery establishments and the houses of the great, appears to conduct an orchestra, and seems also to be a "flying ace," should be taken with the girl's poppies and cream-and-roses; but it is difficult to see why the elegant young aristocrat, Dudley Chalfont, who so closely resembles Adolphe Menjou, should devote so much time and expense to gain such a girl's affection. Dina has good times and bad when she leaves her cottage home to be an "improver" in a London hairdressing establishment. The good times are represented by the attentions, meals and gifts of Jerry and Dudley. The bad times come with Dina's difficulties in the hostel with a sick kitten, and with her innocent complicity in buying a stolen stockinette dress which makes a quite guileless criminal out of her. She is indeed about to drown herself when the ingenuous Jerry appears on the scene of emotional suicide. Jerry deserves everything that can happen from that rescue. Mrs. Nicholson could not write a book that was not interesting; there is a good deal of cleverness in "To Be a Lady," but Mrs. Nicholson has done and can do better than this.

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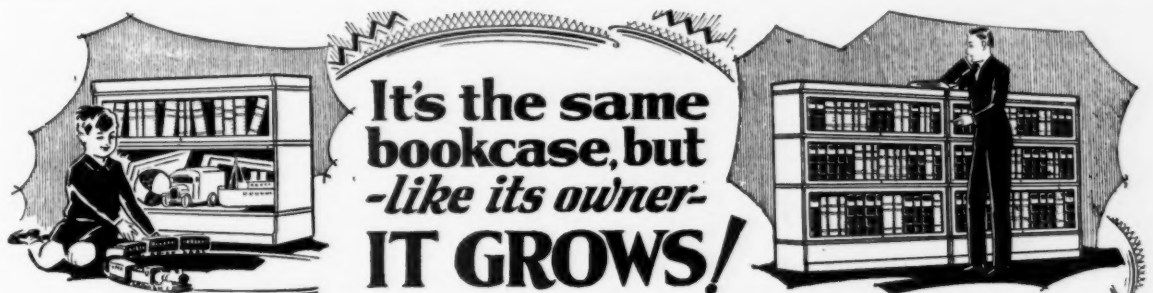
Rita, a divorced woman of good family, falls until she loses every pretence to decency; she dies and leaves three daughters. Elinor, prim and conventional, Olive and Virginia with a great deal of their mother's temperament. Raw and ill-bred, they are translated to the protection of a wealthy uncle, and Virginia blooms into sudden beauty, to the undoing of every male creature in her vicinity. And to her own undoing; possessing neither morals nor conscience, she snatches at everything that comes her way, getting her punishment in a world whose protective conventions must not be flouted. Strangely enough, her conduct is condoned throughout by her dotting uncle, who is of irreproachable family and tradition. Though the characters are excellently drawn, convincing and well contrasted, there is not one who is likeable, but the author has shown real talent in putting such an entirely readable and interesting story into the mouth of a semi-invalid, middle-aged uncle. There is a good deal of modern philosophy in the book which lends itself to quotation were there space.

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seething fires, fed by her passionate and unreciprocated love for Godfrey. Consumed with jealousy and repression she at last loses self-control, and works considerable havoc. Unattractive and spiteful in herself, she dominates the book, by the sheer power of her personality, though the balance is admirably maintained by Stella's charm.

THE WIFE OF EVELYN STRODE. By Lucien Smith. 7s. 6d. (Thornton Butterworth.)

The story is a masterly piece of work. The author has set himself to solve two problems of great human interest—religion and sex—and after long and complicated working he presents us with the answers, but alas, there is no key to tell us how far right they are! From its arresting start to its extraordinary finish, the story grips the reader's attention. The characters are strongly drawn and interest us intensely. Evelyn Strode, saved from a horrible shipwreck, dedicates his hitherto rather useless life to the priesthood. A natural ascetic, renunciation of his title, of the world and its lusts and even of the girl to whom he has been tacitly engaged since childhood, is fairly easy. But for the girl, Adam as she is called, it spells ruin. She loves Evelyn passionately, and in desperation she marries George Best, a gipsy labouring on the farm where she works as a land girl. Best soon goes out of Adam's life, and Strode discovers her in London living recklessly. Stricken with remorse at what is really his fault, Strode offers to marry Adam and she accepts without telling him about Best or of her child, Eily. The marriage fails miserably and tragedy follows on its heels, but the story closes with Strode jettisoning all his former beliefs, and happiness seems probable at last.

STINGING NETTLES. By G. I. Witham. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

When a girl marries for a home, and the man marries to placate his father, who is determined to save him from another woman, the odds are not exactly in favour of a

happy issue. Nevertheless when Hermie marries the rich Ben, her grim, lantern-jawed maid Hannah, one of the best characters in the book, regards the marriage as an extraordinary piece of good luck for her mistress. Indeed she is concerned lest by way of compensation something terrible may be in store for Hermie later on. "You'd better watch it, miss!" she exclaims. "Why, you don't know you're born!" Well, Hannah's forebodings are justified. The other woman gets Ben, and the story resolves into a penetrating study of the torments of indecision which a sensitive woman must experience when the husband she has learned to love asks her to divorce him. It is a thoughtful, quietly told story, with many tragic moments and a happy ending.

EMPEROR JOSEPH. By Leonard Rossiter. 7s. 6d. (Selwyn & Blount.)

With memories of the warm admiration we felt for "That Ridiculous Woman," Mr. Leonard Rossiter's first novel, we commenced "Emperor Joseph" with high expectations. And these expectations have been fully realised. Mr. Rossiter can tell a story with unerring skill; he understands the importance of little things in everyday life, and turns these little things to excellent dramatic use. He sees not only "all round" his characters but right through them, and displays to us their good and bad points relentlessly—so relentlessly at times that he makes us wince. And this is our only fear with regard to Mr. Rossiter's future work—we fear that his clear-eyed penetration of the weaknesses of human nature may impel him always to laugh at his characters and never with them. His cynicism, at present, is kept within bounds—and therein lies his strength. Though far from being a sentimentalist, he awakens and maintains in us a genuine regard for the characters in his story; they are so human. The theme of the story is the clash between the old generation and the new, and this gives scope for much skilful characterisation. The climax is reached when Frieda, of



Photo by Cosler:
Photographer of Men.

**Mr. Leonard
Rossiter.**

past—yes, and all that you want to care for still—hurt and broken. And hurt and broken, too, by *me*. . . . Oh yes, *I* am responsible! It was *my* interference, *my* show of defiance to the old order of things that set the bad example; that made your mother and sister think of freedom and independence and want to break away from your father's spell. But for me, they would still be as they were a year ago, at that anniversary when we first met, my dear. . . . Don't you see, Don. . . . How could we ever hope to be happy in those circumstances?" Mr. Rossiter's work is brilliant. He is different—out of the rut—and with this second book of his will surely take his place among novel writers of to-day who really count.

THE SQUEAKER. By Edgar Wallace. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder.)

Somewhere in London lives a super-crook (or shall we coin something baser still and say a Wallace-crook?). This gentleman is known as "The Squeaker," for besides acting as a receiver on the grand scale he has an unpleasant habit of putting Scotland Yard on the track of any thief who decides to take his loot for sale elsewhere. Who and where is this mysterious Squeaker? That is the problem which Chief Inspector Barrabal pledges himself to solve in the opening chapter of Mr. Edgar Wallace's new novel. We are introduced into the offices of the genial and ever popular Mr. Sutton, who makes a point of employing ex-convicts from philanthropic motives, and very soon we are hard at work guessing who's who among Mr. Sutton's fascinating entourage of crooks, journalists and police officers. Is it, we wonder, a mere coincidence or a deliberate "blind" that one of the characters bears such a striking resemblance to an important figure in the author's successful play "The Ringer"? No one knows better than Mr. Wallace how to keep the reader guessing till the last chapter, and in the present story he succeeds in keeping a big secret up his sleeve till the last line of the last chapter.

THE HOUSE OF FULFILMENT. By L. Adams Beck. 7s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)

This author in her triple name has made an unusual reputation in widely differing directions, and unless we are mistaken this is a still further field for her wonderful powers of description. Well up in the heart of the mountains in Kashmir, surrounded by the most enchanting scenery, stands the House of Fulfilment. It is the home of those who are seeking to penetrate the mystery of their very beings, by intercourse with the deep thinkers in the monastery close by. Believing that "instead of a divinity rough-hewing our ends of life, the divinity in ourselves enables us to shape them as we will," they each seek to work out their own salvation, by gaining wonderful self-control and establishing a yoga. The yoga, or self-expression, of one lay in sculpture, that of another in wonderful language-work for the monastery, and of still another in endless kindnesses for others, for which there is always

abundance of opportunity. The book is full of deep and far-reaching thoughts and views, as well as some very impressive happenings, and contains vivid descriptions of life and customs. It is powerfully and thoughtfully written, with the deep underlying conviction that self-control and faith are the most powerful factors in life.

SHAKEN BY THE WIND. By Ray Strachey. 7s. 6d. (Faber & Gwyer.)

Mrs. Strachey has written a relentless and artistic study of religious fanaticism. Her title recalls St. Paul and false winds of doctrine and evil in waiting to ensnare and deceive. It is evidently based upon deep knowledge of early nineteenth century American freak religions and settlements—each one of which, as a character says, can be capped with a wilder and stranger one every time. The phrase almost describes the development of "Shaken by the Wind," chapter by chapter. The book opens with a Shaker meeting and then proceeds with a leisurely intensity from one fantastic horror to another, sensuality wrapping itself in scriptural phrases, self-deception and insanity. Mrs. Strachey does not make puppets dance on musty tomes. She has the Miltonic appreciation for Satan himself, here represented by Rufus Hollins, prince of impostors, yet powerful and self-deluded. There is a truth and human sympathy in this novel which vivifies the slightest character and justifies the dramatic and outspoken descriptions of simple souls duped and struggling. "Behold God is great and we know Him not" is the key-note of this earnest and finely written story.

The Bookman's Table.

THE DIARY OF RUSSELL BERESFORD. Edited by Cecil Roberts. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

The writer of this imaginative diary was a brilliant archæologist who served as an interpreter at Gallipoli, and after being invalidated out of the service joined Comte de Beaumarchais-Fontaine in excavating at Carthage. The period covered by the diary is the last nine months of his life, which ended with tragic suddenness in his thirty-first year. The volume, with the exception of a very few letters, consists wholly of edited extracts from his very elaborate and carefully written journal, and it contains within it the whole story of his singular romantic experience. This began by his receiving a strange letter from an unknown correspondent who besought his collaboration in a literary undertaking. Beresford, on tracking down the writer in London, found her to be a young and beautiful American lady who wished him to help her with a tragedy written round the theme of a loveless and incompatible marriage. Almost at once Beresford realised that he loved Mrs. Burdett, and the main interest in his diary is his analysis of his passion, which he knows to be reciprocated, and which he felt to be a dishonour to his dearest friend, his mother. There was one shattering moment when he had reason to believe that the letter which announced the lovers' decision to defy convention had caused and not followed his mother's death. There followed a few months of unalloyed happiness, and then Beresford had "a rendezvous with Sleep." The diary is written with remarkable delicacy and charm, and abounds in vivid and brilliant descriptive passages. It is incident to its form that the main characters remain somewhat shadowy. The reader cannot see Beresford as others saw him, and he is not himself quite self-revealing. But the author has overcome most of the difficulties of the diary form, and in reading this unusual and distinguished book the reader will not find it hard to yield the necessary suspension of disbelief.

I WANT TO BE HAPPY. By William Platt. 3s. 6d. (Methuen.)

Mr. Platt must have quite a big and grateful public, people without scientific or literary knowledge or training who are yet able to spare from daily labour enough mental curiosity to read a popular exegesis which mixes psychology and philosophy into a sort of common-sense religion. It is to such that Mr. Platt addresses his homely talks on the basic emotions which colour the personality. The reader with literary sophistication and whose mind is not untrained will gain little and would probably be unjust to the author when attempting to read "I Want to be Happy," for this little book lacks the interest of diversity and unconventionality belonging to Mr. Platt's previous volume, "A Man's Day on Earth." Nevertheless a wise municipal librarian would stock "I Want to be Happy," for the author does translate into the simplest language and homeliest illustrations quite sound views of certain psychological realities of life and art, and of course as any wise philosophy of life, however common-sense, must do, Mr. Platt concludes with the reminder that happiness is essentially in the spirit of love.

"If you can even vaguely, dimly, begin to understand this, to see man's illimitable emotional possibilities, then your judgments on men and women will become saner, sweeter, more balanced, more tender, more forgiving. And with this trend in your judgments you will gain an added and a wonderful happiness. To see man with the eyes of Beethoven and Shakespeare, of St. Francis and of Christ! . . ."

Mr. Platt certainly is too easygoing in the use of generalisation, and throws big names into his sentences without conveying a sense of their weight, but these again are faults unlikely to harm an unsophisticated audience. One says audience because Mr. Platt's style is that of a popular lecturer.

PALESTINE AWAKE. THE REBIRTH OF A NATION. By Sophie Irene Loeb. 7s. 6d. (Sampson Low.)

Ask the next person you meet two questions—"Where is Tel Aviv?" and "Who was Eliezer Ben Yehudad?" and he will probably not be able to tell you. But anybody extremely interested in Palestine will know, and will inform you that Tel Aviv is a new and wonderful city that has sprung up suddenly on the Mediterranean coast near Jaffa. It has broad, well paved, lighted streets, is full of busy people; in 1920 there were two hundred houses; to-day there are 2,700 at least. As for Ben Yehudad, he was the enthusiastic Jew who as a pioneer worked forty years to revive the dead language of Hebrew. So well did he succeed, in spite of many discouragements, that Hebrew is now the official Jewish language, and its re-establishment has helped much in strengthening the Jewish national life of which this book before us, "Palestine Awake," so eloquently speaks. It is a bright, hopeful record of a most fascinating land.

TRAILS OF THE TROUBADOURS. By Raimon de Loi. Illustrated by Giovanni Petrina. 12s. 6d. (John Long.)

This book is distinctly not for the highbrow. The culture of Southern France in the Middle Ages, typified by the Troubadours, was of a peculiarly interesting temper. It raises all sorts of questions of the preservation of Roman institutions, the percolation of Moorish and Turkish influences, the survival of paganism, the possibly pre-Roman origins of the Courts of Love, and so on. Mr. de Loi has no concern with any of these things. He does not appeal to sources or give references for his quotations; he has not historical sense of continuity or appreciation of the organic structure of Latin culture. Many readers may think it impertinent of him to embark upon such a subject with these limitations. But he has a lively sense of a good story. His aim is to make his characters live rather as schoolmasters, eager for popularity, will attempt to vitalise their forms by vulgarising their subjects. The pseudo-mediaeval map at the beginning sets the tone of the book. A very short comparison of it with the atlas reveals absurd inaccuracies in the positions of the towns. It depends for

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I promised to let you know what I made in the year after starting your valuable Course. I wrote three girls' short story books, for which I got £20 for the first two (and the royalties, which have not yet come in), and £30 for the third, without royalties. Besides this I wrote a few articles, which were accepted by the *Daily Sketch* and *Daily Express*, and which brought me in £12 10s. 6d., thus bringing the total for my first year to £82 10s. 6d. I really feel I owe a lot to you, as I should not have discovered this small talent without your journalistic Course.

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its place on ornament, and so does Mr. de Loi's history. It is gay and slangy and highly coloured, full of American epithets and facetious modern parallels, and as mediæval as Mark Twain. Where he avoids "atmosphere" and generalisation and concentrates on plain, dramatic narrative as in "The Trail of a Broken King," he is admirable. The pity is that he obviously prides himself on his "atmosphere" and generalisation and is full of contempt for other tourists and biographies. The illustrations are eight unassuming and agreeable drawings of the places mentioned.

PLANT AUTOGRAPHS AND THEIR REVELATIONS.

By Sir Jagadis Chunder Bose, F.R.S. 7s. 6d. (Longmans.)

Boundary lines are vanishing. Points of contact between the living and the non-living become daily more pronounced. These are the claims put forward, and substantiated, by the author of this volume which, as the preface informs us, gives a connected and popular account of the researches into the physiology of plants which he has carried out during the past twenty-five years. The amazing results attained at the Bose Institute in Calcutta by means of highly sensitive automatically recording apparatus, are already known to scientists; it is only right that the general reader should have an opportunity to enter these laboratories of the hidden life. Who, for example, realises that the death agony of a plant is accompanied by an electric discharge? Yet Sir Jagadis Bose shows that if five hundred half-peas are suitably arranged in series, the terminal electric pressure will be five hundred volts. It is well that the cook does not know the danger she would run were the peas she prepares for dinner arranged in series! An engrossing volume, whether approached in the light of a vulgar curiosity to see how a drunken dahlia or a tired carrot behaves, or in the more thoughtful vein of the seer who declared that "they who see but one, in all the changing manifoldness of this universe, unto them belongs eternal Truth."

THE NEW DECAMERON: THE FIFTH DAY. 7s. 6d. (Blackwell.)

Eleven writers contribute to the fifth volume of "The New Decameron." Eleven writers; and they have all got something to say, they have good taste, and they can write fresh and interesting English. If there is no story in the collection superlatively good, there is none that is really poor; and one is forced back to a startled reconsideration of the high level of competence which is shown by a wide reach of writers to-day. The better we write, the harder it seems for anyone to break through the ring of talented mediocrity. Our eleven are quite unlike the celebrated Little Girl: they are never bad enough to be horrid; but, on the other hand, when they are good, they are never very, very good. Mr. Coppard (who has told better tales than the one here, but has never told one better) is the most natural and practised story-teller of them all. Mr. Waugh's story of Lord Stayle reads, as he suggests himself, like the opening chapter of a novel that has not been written, and Miss E. M. Delafield's "Squirrel in a Cage" like the closing chapter of one that has; but both write with distinction. Among the others that come nearest to being very good are Mr. Sadlier's "Cupid Love," which goes like an adventure that might have been rejected from Stevenson's "New Arabian Nights," Mr. Strong's simply told story "The Gates," and the fantastic "Gemini" of Miss G. B. Stern. Where every other prospect pleases, it is a pity that Mr. Chesterman's libretto should be so perfunctory: one comes to dread the brief and occasionally blatant chatter at the close of each tale. But this is by the way. We can cordially recommend these short stories, so lively and intelligent, so uniformly distinguished if not distinctive.

THE SISTERS. By F. O. Mann. 4s. 6d. (Hogarth Press.)

Mr. F. O. Mann's vivid orange-coloured book of verse stories called "The Sisters" (written in "heroic couplets") is extraordinarily entertaining, though the first impulse

of many people after ten minutes' reading may be to phone to the *London Mercury* or the Poetry Bookshop for consolation and help. For Mr. Mann writes as if the Georgians and the whole century and a quarter of poets before them had never existed. He sounds as if he had read nothing save Goldsmith, Pope, Crabbe and the poets just preceding. And he uses the old poetic mannerisms and clichés, as well as dingy colloquialisms of to-day. And yet his book is vivid and alive. For it is crammed full of things like this:

"She was a buxom lass with melting eyes,
Exuberant in sapphire and in size,
With dimpled cheek and sympathising nose,
Her mouth a cherry and her cheek a rose,
Of pure good nature and quick laughter made.
She helped her father in the catering trade."

Mr. Mann most skilfully describes his commonplace or vicious characters and the drab surroundings in which they live. He is witty, ecstatic, sentimental, maudlin, just as he chooses—a resurrected, though variable and brocaded Crabbe. True he is occasionally awkward or newspaperish, and his grammar is sometimes too strained, or his rhyming forced, but he copiously makes up for his defects, and can even flash into magnificence like this:

"E'en as he stared, athwart the roof-tops high,
Sword-like descending from the fissured sky
Of heaped and livid cloud, one splendid ray
Lit on her brow and spilt in gold away."

Or into such an intensity of description as this:

"There, though it froze without, or furious rain
Screamed down the windy dark and clawed the pane,
Enchantment lit her lamp and spread her wings."

Mr. F. O. Mann will yet go very far.

Books of the Month.

From September 15th to October 15th.

Christmas Books and Books reviewed in this Number not included in List.

Nobody has a happier gift than Mr. E. V. Lucas for the making of anthologies, and *THE JOY OF LIFE* (6s.; Methuen) will satisfy even those who have come to expect most of him. Here are verses, chiefly by living poets, on all those things—sport, the garden, travel, books, children, love, wine, rest, friends, memories—that help to make life worth living. A charming book, very tastefully produced.

The joy of life is also the theme of *THE BOOK OF THE INN*, compiled and edited by Thomas Burke (7s. 6d.; Constable), and this too is very artistically produced and has for frontispiece a woodcut by Robert Gibbings. Mr. Burke is an expert anthologist—one remembers gratefully those delightful anthologies he prepared before he became famous. Here he has brought together, from a great variety of writers, what has been said of the inn—for and occasionally against it. Dickens, Ben Jonson, Shakespeare, Thackeray, Smollett, Sterne, Trollope, Ainsworth, Cotton, Fielding, Borrow, De Quincey, Lytton, Chaucer, Blackmore, Scott, Pierce Egan, great and smaller authors have been laid under contribution, and the result is a delectable book that should be much in demand this Christmas.

For her *PERSONALITIES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY* (ros. 6d.; Heath, Cranton) Grace A. Murray (Mrs. Keith Murray) has not selected only famous persons known to everybody; in fact apart from Hazlitt and George Whitefield, she has found her quarry among the interesting minor personages of the period, and her deftly woven succession of brief biographies and entertaining anecdotes about Peter Pindar, the forger Ireland, "Monk" Lewis, Samuel Foote, Gilray the caricaturist, Kit Smart, Horne Tooke, Macklin, Derrick, Quin, Master Betty—actors, poets, artists, dramatists, quaint characters such as Elwes the miser, and the Musical Small Coal Man—make thoroughly entertaining reading. As Mr. Nigel Playfair

says in a foreword, she tells her anecdotes with an infectious "appreciation and enjoyment." The volume is well illustrated with portraits and reproductions of old play-bills and programmes.

THE TOP DRAWER, by One who was born in it (7s. 6d.; Cassells), is an amusing burlesque of those High Society memoirs with which select but anonymous aristocrats have often favoured us. Lively, humorous, flippantly satirical, a capital parody of the real thing.

Mr. Jeffery Farnol's new romance, **THE QUEST OF YOUTH** (7s. 6d.; Sampson Low), tells of glamorous old days before the police had supplanted the Bow Street runners and there was more gallant adventure to be had than now on the broad highway. Mr. Farnol can always be relied upon for a good story, and this tale of the middle-aged Sir Marmaduke, bored with himself and everything at first, and of his love for the charming Eve-Ann, is one of his best.

Her first book, "When the Devil Drives," held promise that Miss Ruth Brockington fulfils in her second, **I SAID THE SPARROW** (7s. 6d.; Chapman & Hall). This story of the delightful Susan Marsden and her seven sons; more especially of her son Robert, and of Robert's stubborn love of the gracious, independent Bess Hathaway—whom he remains resolute to make his wife even after she has, out of pity, foolishly married a spurious war-hero, a waster who brings nothing but misery upon her—is one of uncommon interest and power. Miss Brockington has a sense of humour and of drama; she draws her characters with insight and a sympathetic understanding that makes them seem human and alive. Her first book showed that she had come to stay; her second shows she is not staying where the first placed her; for this is a real advance beyond that.

ART

- BENN.**—Chinese Art. Introduced by R. L. Hobson. 30s.
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ROBERT SCOTT.—An Art Student and his Teachers in the Sixties. W. S. Spanton.
STUDIO.—1927 Annual of Commercial Art: Posters and Publicity. 7s. 6d. and 10s. 6d.—William Walcot, R.E. (Modern Masters of Etching). 5s.—E. A. Verpillieux (Masters of the Colour Print). 5s.

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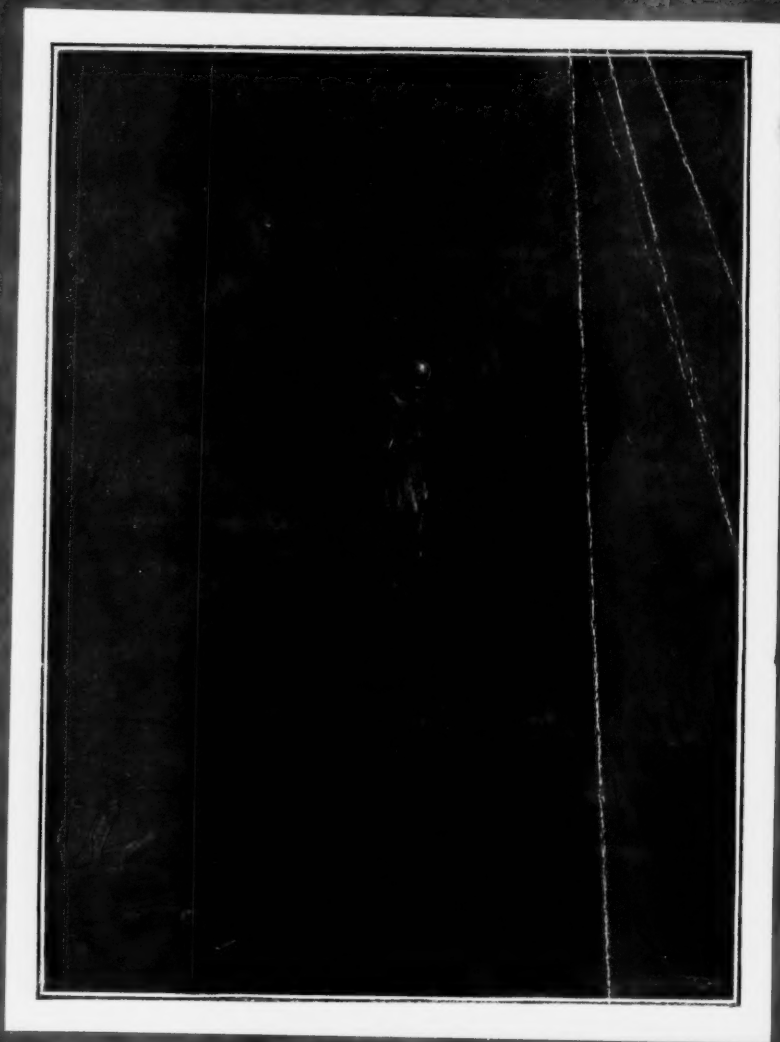
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